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## A Vindication of Virginia and the South.

By Commodore M. F. MAURY.

[NOTE.—The following paper is not the production of a partisan or a politician, but of a great scientist whose fame is world-wide, and whose utterances will have weight among the Nations and in the ages to come.

This able vindication will derive additional interest and value from the statement that it was not written amid the storms of the war, but in his quiet mountain home, in May, 1871, not long before the world was deprived of his priceless services. It was, in fact, the last thing he ever prepared for the press (the MSS. bears the marks of his final revision), and should go on the record as the dying testimony of one whose character was above reproach, and whose conspicuous services to the cause of science and humanity entitle him to a hearing.]

One hundred years ago we were thirteen British Colonies, remonstrating and disputing with the mother country in discontent. After some years spent in fruitless complaints against the policy of the British Government towards us, the Colonies resolved to sever their connection with Great Britain, that they might be first independent, and then proceed to govern themselves in their own way. At the same time they took counsel together and made common cause. They declared certain truths to be self-evident, and proclaimed the right of every people to alter or amend their forms of government as to them may seem fit. They pronounced this right an *inalienable* right, and declared "that when a long train of abuses and usurpations evinces a design on the part of the Government to reduce a people to absolute despotism, it is their right, *it is their duty*, to throw off such government." In support of these declarations the people of that day, in the persons of their representatives, pledging themselves, their fortunes and their sacred honor, went to war, and in the support of their cause appealed to Divine Providence for protection. Under these doctrines we and our fathers grew up, and we were taught to regard them with a reverence almost holy, and to believe in them with quite a religious belief.

In the war that ensued, the Colonies triumphed; and in the treaty of peace, Great Britain acknowledged each one of her revolted Colonies to be a *nation*, endowed with all the attributes of sovereignty, independent of her, of each other, and of all other temporal powers whatsoever. These new-born nations were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia—thirteen in all.

At that time all the country west of the Alleghany mountains was a wilderness. All that part of it which lies north of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi, called the Northwest Territory, and out of which the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and a part of Minnesota have since been carved, belonged to Virginia. She exercised dominion over it, and in her resided the rights of undisputed sovereignty. These thirteen powers, which were then as independent of each other as France is of Spain, or Brazil is of Peru, or as any other nation can be of another, concluded to unite and form a compact, called the Constitution, the main objects of which were to establish justice, secure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, and promote the general welfare. To this end they established a vicarious government, and named it the United States. This instrument had for its corner-stone the aforementioned *inalienable* rights. With the assertion of these precious rights—which are so dear to the hearts of all true Virginians—fresh upon their lips, each one of these thirteen States, signatories to this compact, delegated to this new government so much of her own sovereign powers as were deemed necessary for the accomplishment of its objects, reserving to herself all the powers, prerogatives and attributes not specifically granted or specially enumerated. Nevertheless, Virginia, through abundant caution, when she fixed her seal to this constitution, did so with the express declaration, in behalf of her people, that the powers granted under it might be resumed by them whenever the same should be perverted to their injury or oppression; that “no right of any denomination given by that instrument could be canceled, abridged, restrained or modified by the Congress, by the Senate and House of Representatives, acting in any capacity; by the President, or any department or officer of the United States, except in those instances in which power is given for those purposes.” With this agreement, with a solemn appeal to the “Searcher of all hearts” for the purity of their intentions, our delegates, in

the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia, proceeded to accept and to ratify the constitution for the government of the United States.\* Thus the Government at Washington was created.

But it did not go into operation until the other States—parties to the contract—had accepted by their act of signature and tacit agreement the conditions which Virginia required to be understood, as the terms on which she accepted the constitution and agreed to become one of the UNITED STATES. Thus these conditions became, to all intents and purposes, a part of that instrument itself; for it is a rule of law and a principle of right laid down, well understood and universally acknowledged, that if, in a compact between several parties, any one of them be permitted to enter into it on a condition, that condition enures alike to the benefit of all.

Notwithstanding the purity of motive and singleness of purpose which moved Virginia to become one of the United States, sectional interests were developed, and the seeds of faction, strife and discord appeared in the very convention which adopted the constitution. At that time African negroes were bought and sold, and held in slavery in all the States. They had been brought here by the Crown and forced upon Virginia when she was in the colonial state, in spite of her oft-repeated petitions and remonstrances against it; and now since she, with others, were independent and masters of themselves, they desired to put an end forthwith to this traffic. To this the North objected, on the ground that her people were extensively engaged in kidnapping in Africa and transporting slaves thence for sale to Southern planters. They had, it was added, such interests at stake in this business that twenty years would be required to wind it up. At that time the political balance between the sections was equal; and the South, to pacify the North, agreed that the new government should have no power, until after twenty years should have elapsed, to restrict their traffic; and thus the North gained a lease and a right to fetch slaves from Africa into the South till 1808. That year, one of Virginia's own sons being President of the United States, an act was passed forbidding a continuance of the traffic, and declaring the further prosecution of it piracy.

Virginia was the leader in the war of the Revolution, and *her* sons were the master-spirits of it, both in the field and in the cabinet. For an entire generation after the establishment of the government under the constitution, four of her sons—with an interregnum

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\* Proceedings of the Virginia Convention, 1788, p. 28. Code of Virginia, 1860.

of only four years—were called, one after the other, to preside, each for a period of eight years, over the affairs of the young Republic and to shape its policy. In the meantime Virginia gave to the new government the whole of her northwest territory, to be held by it in trust for the benefit of all the States alike. Under the wise rule of her illustrious sons in the Presidential chair, the Republic grew and its citizens flourished and prospered as no people had ever done.

During this time, the African slave-trade having ceased, the price of negroes rose in the South; then the Northern people discovered that it would be better to sell their slaves to the South than to hold them, whereupon acts of so-called emancipation were passed in the North. They were prospective, and were to come in force after the lapse, generally, of twenty years,\* which allowed the slaveholders among them ample time to fetch their negroes down and sell them to our people. This many of them did, and the North got rid of her slaves, not so much by emancipation or any sympathy for the blacks as by sale, and in consequence of her greed.

About this time also Missouri—into which the earlier settlers *had carried* their slaves—applied for admission into the Union as a State. The North opposed it, on the ground that slavery existed there. The South appealed to the constitution, called for the charter which created the Federal Government, and asked for the clause which gave Congress the power to interfere with the domestic institutions of any State or with any of her affairs, further than to see that her organic law insured a republican form of government to her people. Nay, she appealed to the force of treaty obligations; and reminded the North that in the treaty with France for the acquisition of Louisiana, of which Missouri was a part, the public faith was pledged to protect the French settlers there, and their descendants, in their rights of property, which includes slaves. The public mind became excited, sectional feelings ran high, and the Union was in danger of being broken up through Northern aggression and Congressional usurpations at that early day. To quiet the storm, a son of Virginia came forward as peace-maker, and carried through Congress a bill that is known as "The Missouri Compromise." So the danger was averted. This bill, however, was a concession, simple and pure, to the North on the part of the South, with no equivalent whatever, except the gratification of a patriotic desire to live in harmony with her sister States and preserve the

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\* Slavery did not cease in New York till 1827.



Union. This compromise was to the effect that the Southern people should thereafter waive their right to go with their slaves into any part of the common territory north of the parallel of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ . Thus was surrendered up to the North for settlement, at her own time and in her own way, more than two-thirds of the entire public domain, with equal rights with the South in the remainder.

That posterity may fairly appreciate the extent of this exaction by the North, with the sacrifice made by the South to satisfy it, maintain the public faith and preserve the Union, it is necessary to refer to a map of the country, and to remember that at that time neither Texas, New Mexico, California nor Arizona belonged to the United States; that the country west of the Mississippi which fell under that compromise is that which was acquired from France in the purchase of Louisiana, and which includes *West* Minnesota, the whole of Iowa, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, embracing an area of 1,360,000 square miles. Of this the South had the privilege of settling Arkansas alone, or less than four per cent. of the whole. The sacrifice thus made by the South, for the sake of the Union, will be more fully appreciated when we reflect that under the constitution Southern gentlemen had as much right, and the same right to go into the Territories with their slaves, that men of the North had to carry with them there their apprentices and servants. Though this arrangement was so prejudicial to the South, though the Supreme Court decided it to be unconstitutional, null and void, the Southern people were still willing to stand by it; but the North would not. Backed by majorities in Congress, she only became more and more aggressive. Furthermore, the magnificent country given by Virginia to the Union came to be managed in the political interests of the North. It was used for the encouragement of European emigration, and its settlement on her side of that parallel, while the idea was sought to be impressed abroad by false representations that South of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  in this country out door labor is death to the white man, and that throughout the South generally labor was considered degrading. Such was the rush of settlers from abroad to the polar side of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  and for the cheap and rich lands of the northwest territory, that the population of the North was rapidly and vastly increased—so vastly that when the war of 1861 commenced, the immigrants and the descendants of immigrants which the two sections had received from the Old World since this

grant was made, amounted to not less than 7,000,000 souls more for the North than for the South. This increase destroyed the balance of power between the sections in Congress, placed the South hopelessly in the minority, and gave the reins of the Government over into the hands of the Northern factions. Thus the two hundred and seventy millions of acres of the finest land on the continent which Virginia gave to the Government to hold in trust as a common fund, was so managed as greatly to benefit one section and do the other harm. Nor was this all. Large grants of land, amounting to many millions of acres, were made from this domain to certain Northern States, for their railways and other works of internal improvement, for their schools and corporations; but not an acre to Virginia.

In consequence of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, the Orders in Council, the Embargo and the war which followed in 1812, the people of the whole country suffered greatly for the want of manufactured articles, many of which had become necessities of life. Moreover, it was at that time against the laws of England for any artisan or piece of machinery used in her workshops to be sent to this country. Under these circumstances it was thought wise to encourage manufacturing in New England, until American labor could be educated for it, and the requisite skill acquired, and Southern statesmen took the lead in the passage of a tariff to encourage and protect our manufacturing industries. But in course of time these restrictive laws in England were repealed, and it then became easier to import than to educate labor and skill. Nevertheless the protection continued, and was so effectual that the manufacturers of New England began to compete in foreign markets with the manufacturers of Old England. Whereupon the South said, "Enough: the North has free trade with us; the Atlantic ocean rolls between this country and Europe; the expense of freight and transportation across it, with moderate duties for *revenue* alone, ought to be protection enough for these Northern industries. Therefore let us do away with tariffs for *protection*. They have not, by reason of geographical law, turned a wheel in the South; moreover, they have proved a greivous burden to our people." Northern statesmen did not see the case in that light; but fairness, right and the constitution were on the side of the South. She pointed to the unfair distribution of the public lands, the unequal dispensation among the States of the Government favor and patronage, and to the fact that the New England manufacturers had gained a

firm footing and were flourishing. Moreover, peace, progress and developement had, since the end of the French wars, dictated free trade as the true policy of all nations. Our senators proceeded to demonstrate by example the hardships of submitting any longer to tariffs for protection. The example was to this effect:—The Northern farmer clips his hundred bales of wool, and the Southern planter picks his hundred bales of cotton. So far they are equal, for the Government affords to each equal protection in person and property. That's fair, and there is no complaint. But the Government would not stop here. It went further—protected the industry of one section and taxed that of the other; for though it suited the farmer's interest and convenience to send his wool to a New England mill to have it made into cloth, it also suited in a like degree the Southern planter to send his cotton to Old England to have it made into calico. And now came the injustice and the grievance. They both prefer the Charleston market, and they both, the illustration assumed, arrived by sea the same day and proceeded together, each with his invoice of one hundred bales, to the custom-house. There the Northern man is told that he may land his one hundred bales duty free; but the Southern man is required to leave forty of his in the custom-house for the privilege of landing the remaining sixty.\* It was in vain for the Southerner to protest or to urge, "You make us pay bounties to Northern fishermen under the plea that it is a nursery for seamen. Is not the fetching and carrying of Southern cotton across the sea in Southern ships as much a nursery for seamen as the catching of codfish in Yankee smacks? But instead of allowing us a bounty for this, you exact taxes and require protection for our Northern fellow-citizens at the expense of Southern industry and enterprise." The complaints against the tariff were at the end of ten or twelve years followed by another compromise in the shape of a modified tariff, by which the South again gained nothing and the North everything. The effect was simply to *lessen*, not to abolish, the tribute money exacted for the benefit of Northern industries.

Fifteen years before the war it was stated officially from the Treasury Department in Washington, that under the tariff then in force the self-sustaining industry of the country was taxed in this indirect way in the sum of \$80,000,000 annually, none of which went into the coffers of the Government, but all into the pocket of the protected manufacturer. The South, moreover, complained of

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\* The tariff at that time was forty per cent.

the unequal distribution of the public expenditures; of unfairness in protecting, buoying, lighting and surveying the coasts, and laid her complaints on grounds like these: for every mile of sea-front in the North there are four in the South, yet there were four well-equipped dockyards in the North to one in the South; large sums of money had been expended for Northern, small for Southern, defencés; navigation of the Southern coast was far more difficult and dangerous than that of the Northern, yet the latter was better lighted; and the Southern coast was not surveyed by the Government until it had first furnished Northern ship-owners with good charts for navigating their waters and entering their harbors.

Thus dealt by, there was cumulative dissatisfaction in the Southern mind towards the Federal Government, and Southern men began to ask each other, "Should we not be better off out of the Union than we are in it?"—nay, the public discontent rose to such a pitch in consequence of the tariff, that nullification was threatened, and the existence of the Union was again seriously imperilled, and dissolution might have ensued had not Virginia stepped in with her wise counsels. She poured oil upon the festering sores in the Southern mind, and did what she could in the interests of peace; but the wound could not be entirely healed; Northern archers had hit two deep.

The Washington Government was fast drifting towards centralization, and the result of all this Federal partiality, of this unequal protection and encouragement, was that New England and the North flourished and prospered as no people have ever done in modern times. Scenes enacted in the old world, twenty-eight hundred years ago, seemed now on the eve of repetition in the new. About the year 915 B. C., the twelve tribes conceived the idea of making themselves a *great nation* by centralization. They established a government which, in three generations, by reason of similar burdens upon the people, ended in permanent separation. Solomon taxed heavily to build the temple, and dazzle the nation with the splendor of his capital; his expenditures were profuse, and he made his name and kingdom fill the world with their renown. He died one hundred years after Saul was anointed, and then Jerusalem and the temple being finished, the ten tribes—supposing the necessity of further taxation had ceased—petitioned Rehoboam for a reduction of taxes, a repeal of the tariff. Their petition was scorned, and the world knows the result. The ten tribes seceded in a body, and there was war; so thus there remained

to the house of David only the tribes of Benjamin and Judah. They, like the North, had received the benefit of this taxation. The chief part of the enormous expenditures was made within their borders, and they, like New England, flourished and prospered at the expense of their brethren.

By the constitution, a citizen of the South had a right to pursue his fugative slave into any of the States, apprehend and bring him back; but so unfriendly had the North become towards the South, and so regardless of her duties under the constitution, that Southern citizens, in pursuing and attempting to apprehend runaway negroes in the North, were thrown into jail, maltreated and insulted despite of their rights. Northern people loaded the mails for the South with inflammatory publications inciting the negroes to revolt, and encouraging them to rise up, in servile insurrection, and murder their owners. Like tampering with the negroes was one among the causes which led Virginia into her original proposition to the other colonists, that they should all, for the common good and common safety, separate themselves from Great Britain and strike for independent existence. In a resolution unanimously adopted in convention for a declaration of such independence, it is urged that the King's representative in Virginia was "tempting our slaves by every artifice to resort to him, and training and employing them against their masters."\* To counteract this attempt by the New England people to do the like, the Legislature of Virginia and other Southern States felt themselves constrained to curtail the privileges of the slave, to increase the patrols, and for the public safety to enact severe laws against the black man. This grated upon the generous feelings of our people the more, because they were thus compelled in self-defence to spread hateful laws upon the statute-book of their State, and subject her fair fame to invidious criticisms by posterity, and this in consequence of the repeated attempt of the Northern people to tamper with the negroes and interfere with our domestic affairs. It was a shaft that sank deep and rankled long; it brought to mind colonial times, and put into Southern heads the idea of another separation. But this was not all. Societies were formed in the North to encourage our negroes to escape and to harbor the runaways; emissaries came down to inveigle them away; and while they were engaged at this, the Northern States aided and abetted by passing acts prohibiting their

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\*Resolutions of Virginia for a Declaration of Independence, unanimously adopted 15th May, 1776.—Page 1, *Code of Virginia*, 1860.

officers to assist the Southern citizen in the capture of runaways, and *hindering him from doing it himself*. At length things came to such a pass that a Southern gentleman, notwithstanding his right, dared not when he went to the North, either on business or pleasure, to carry with him, as he formerly did, a body servant. More harsh still—delicate mothers and emaciated invalids with their nurses, though driven from their Southern homes as they often are, by pestilence or plague, dared not seek refuge in the more bracing climates of the North; they were liable to be mobbed and to see their servants taken away by force, and when that was done, they found that Northern laws afforded no protection. In short, our people had no longer equal rights in a common country.

Finally, the aggressive and fanatical spirit of the North ran to such a pitch against us, that just before the Southern people began to feel that patience and forbearance were both exhausted, a band of raiders, fitted out and equipped in the North, came down upon Virginia with sword and spear in hand. They commenced in the dead of night to murder our citizens, to arm the slaves, encouraging them to rise up, burn and rob, kill and slay throughout the South. The ringleader was caught, tried and hung. Northern people regarded him as a martyr in a righteous cause. His body was carried to the North; they paid homage to his remains, sang peans to his memory, and amidst jeers and taunts for Virginia, which to this day are reverberated through the halls of Congress, enrolled his name as one who had deserved well of his country.

These acts were highly calculated to keep the Southern mind in a feverish state and in an unfriendly mood; and there were other influences at work to excite sectional feelings and beget just indignation among the Southern people. The North was commercial, the South agricultural. Through their fast-sailing packets and steamers, Northern people were in constant communication with foreign nations: the South rarely, except through the North; Northern men and Northern society; took advantage of this circumstance to our prejudice. They defamed the South and abused the European mind with libels and slanders and evil reports against us of a heinous character. They represented Southern people as a lawless and violent set, where men and women were without shame; they asserted, with all the effrontery of impudent falsehood, that the chief occupation of the gentlemen of Virginia was the breeding of slaves like cattle for the more Southern markets. To this day the whole South is suffering under this defamation of character;



for it is well known that emigrants from Europe now refuse to come and settle in Virginia and the South on account of their belief in the stories against us with which their minds have been poisoned.

This long list of grievances does not end here. The population of the North had, by reason of the vast numbers of foreigners that had been induced to settle there, become so great that the balance of power in Congress was completely destroyed. The Northern people became more tyrannical in their disposition, Congress more aggressive in their policy. In every branch of the Government the South was in a hopeless minority, and completely at the mercy of an unscrupulous majority for their rights in the Union. Emboldened by their popular majorities on the hustings, the master-spirits of the North now proclaimed the approach of an "irrepressible conflict" with the South, and their representative men in Congress preached the doctrine of a "higher law," confessing that the policy about to be pursued in relation to Southern affairs was dictated by a rule of conduct unknown to the constitution, not contained in the Bible, but *sanctioned*, as they said, *by some higher law than the Bible itself*. Thus finding ourselves at the mercy of faction and fanaticism, the Presidential election for 1860 drew nigh. The time for putting candidates in the field was at hand. The North brought out their candidate, and by their platform pledged him to acts of unfriendly legislation against us. The South warned the North and protested, the political leaders in some of the Southern States publicly declaring that if Mr. Lincoln, their nominee, were elected, the States would not remain in the Union. He was truly a sectional candidate. He received no vote in the South, but was, under the provisions of the constitution, duly elected nevertheless; for now the poll of the North was large enough to elect whom she pleased.

When the result of this election was announced, South Carolina and the Gulf States each proceeded to call a convention of her people; and they, in the exercise of their *inalienable right* to alter and abolish the form of government and to institute a new one, resolved to withdraw from the Union *peaceably*, if they could. They felt themselves clear as to their right, and thrice-armed; for they remembered that they were sovereign people, and called to mind those precious rights that had been solemnly proclaimed, and in which and for which we and our fathers before us had the most abiding faith, reverence and belief. Prominent among these was,

as we have seen, the right of each one of these States to consult her own welfare and withdraw or remain in the Union in obedience to its dictates and the judgment of her own people. So they sent commissioners to Washington to propose a settlement, the Confederate States offering to assume their quota of the debt of the United States, and asking for their share of the common property. This was refused.

In the meantime Virginia assembled her people in grand council too; but she refused to come near the Confederate States in their councils. *She* had laid the corner-stone of the Union, *her* sons were its chief architects; and though she felt that she and her sister States had been wronged without cause, and had reason, good and sufficient, for withdrawing from a political association which no longer afforded domestic tranquility, or promoted the general welfare, or answered its purposes, yet her love for the Union and the constitution was strong, and the idea of pulling down, without having first exhausted all her persuasives, and tried all means to save what had cost her so much, was intolerable. She thought the time for separation had not come, and waited first to try her own "mode and measure of redress;" she considered that it should not be such as the Confederate States had adopted. Moreover, by standing firm she hoped to heal the breach, as she had done on several occasions before. She asked all the States to meet her in a peace congress. They did so, and the North being largely in the majority, threw out Southern propositions and rejected all the efforts of Virginia at conciliation. North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas all remained in the Union, awaiting the action of our State, who urged the Washington Government not to attempt to coerce the seceded States, or force them with sword and bayonet back into the Union—a thing, she held, which the charter that created the Government gave it no authority to do.

Regardless of these wise counsels and of all her rightful powers, the North mustered an army to come against the South; whereupon, seeing the time had come, and claiming the right which she had especially reserved not only for herself, but for all the States, to withdraw from the Union, the grand old Commonwealth did not hesitate to use it. She prepared to meet the emergency. Her people had already been assembled in convention, and they, in the persons of their representatives, passed the ORDINANCE OF SECESSION, which separated her from the North and South, and left her alone, again a free, sovereign and independent State. This

done, she sounded the notes of warlike preparation. She called upon her sons who were in the service of the Washington Government to confess their allegiance to her, resign their places, and rally around her standard. The true men among them came. In a few days she had an army of 60,000 men in the field; but her policy was still peace, armed peace, not war. Assuming the attitude of defence, she said to the powers of the North, "Let no hostile foot cross my borders." Nevertheless they came with fire and sword; battle was joined, victory crowned her banners on many a well-fought field; but she and her sister States, cut off from the outside world by the navy which they had helped to establish for the common defence, battled together against fearful odds at home for four long years, but were at last overpowered by mere numbers, and then came disaster. Her sons who fell died in defence of their country, their homes, their rights, and all that makes native land dear to the hearts of men.

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#### RECORDS OF LONGSTREET'S CORPS, A. N. V.

By General E. P. ALEXANDER, Chief of Artillery.

##### The "Seven Days Battles."

[Continued from the Southern Magazine of June, 1875.]

On the morning of Monday, the 30th, the enemy in front of Magruder had disappeared, having crossed the swamp in the night—a part by the main road from Bottom's bridge, and a part by Brackett's ford. The column of General Jackson (Ewell's, Jackson's, D. H. Hill's and Whiting's divisions) commenced crossing the Chickahominy at a very early hour, and entered the Williamsburg road at Savage station just in front of General Magruder's command, who was thereupon ordered to move across to the Darbytown road and follow Longstreet.\*

This day was the crisis of McClellan's retreat, the Confederate forces now being within striking distance of him in the rear and upon his flank, while miles of his trains still blocked the roads. For their protection his troops were disposed as follows: Franklin's corps, with Richardson's division of Sumner's corps, and Naglee's

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\* At Savage station a large hospital, with twenty-five hundred sick and wounded, fell into General Magruder's hands. Large quantities of stores had been destroyed here, and among them all medical supplies, even those necessary for the enemy's own sick. (See General Lee's report.)

brigade of Keyes' corps, held the crossings of White Oak swamp, both against the approach of Jackson on the Bottom Bridge road, and of Huger on the Charles City road; the latter being opposed by Slocum's division of Franklin's corps, which was posted north of the Charles City road, covering also Brackett's crossing of White Oak swamp. The junction of the Long Bridge, the Charles City and the Quaker roads at Riddle's shop was covered by Kearney's division of Heintzelman's corps, with McCall's division of Porter's corps—the former upon the right, and connecting with Slocum's left at the Charles City road; the latter crossing the Long Bridge road a half mile in front of Riddle's shop. Nearly at right angles to the direction of McCall's line, and somewhat overlapped by it, but five hundred yards distant, was Hooker's division of Heintzelman's corps covering the Quaker road, which ran parallel to it several hundred yards in its rear. Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps supported McCall, who, as well as Kearney, was formed, each with two brigades holding a front line, and the third (each division was composed of three brigades) in reserve. The country in front of these three divisions was open for several hundred yards, and afforded a fine field for their artillery, which was reinforced from the artillery reserve, and unlimbered in heavy force in front of a wood, in which the infantry lines were covered. Keyes' corps, and Sykes' and Morrell's divisions of Porter's corps, held Malvern Hill and its approaches, over which the whole of the Federal trains made their way towards the James, the rear wagons passing at four P. M. The principal effort of General Lee was directed against the position at Riddle's shop, against which Jackson's, Huger's and Longstreet's columns were all expected to co-operate. The battle which resulted is generally known in the South as that of

FRAZIER'S FARM,

and at the North as Glendale; and, as only Longstreet's column was engaged in it, before proceeding to its details, it is necessary to glance at the operations during the day of the other Confederate divisions.

About ten A. M. the head of the column under General Jackson reached the crossing of White Oak swamp and found the bridge destroyed, and a Federal battery (Hazard's) posted to prevent a crossing. After considerable delay, twenty-three guns were quietly gotten into position, and at quarter before two suddenly opened upon the Yankee battery at a range of about a thousand yards.

Only four shots were fired in reply before Captain Hazzard was killed, and the battery so crippled that it was compelled to leave the field, abandoning one of its guns which had been disabled. Seeing the field clear, General Jackson in person, with a regiment of cavalry, under Colonel Munford, and a detachment of infantry skirmishers, crossed the swamp at the ford by the side of the bridge and advanced to get the abandoned gun. Before this could be accomplished, however, a second battery opened fire on this ford from behind a dense wood, which screened it from the view of the Confederate artillery, and the cavalry was forced to return through the swamp, a little ways below the bridge. An effort was now made to rebuild the broken bridge, but the enemy were able to fire upon it with accuracy, and the working party was driven off. Meanwhile, the Confederate batteries endeavored to silence this second battery by a random fire through the woods towards its position, but, as might have been expected, without success. The enemy replied with a similar fire from about eighteen guns, and a noisy conflict was maintained all the afternoon with very little loss on either side. The infantry and skirmishers remained across the swamp, but no further effort was made to force a passage, and the troops bivouaced that night where they were halted in the morning.\*

The column under General Huger, on the Charles City road, marched at daylight from Brightwell's, Wright's brigade being detached and sent across White Oak swamp on the left to see that none of the enemy were left behind. Crossing near Hobson's, General Wright advanced his brigade down the north side until (about two o'clock) he met the column under General Jackson. He then returned, at General Jackson's request, and endeavored to force a passage at Brackett's crossing, but found it too well protected, and was compelled to ascend the swamp to a point opposite Fisher's, where he crossed by a cow path and rejoined Huger's division.

\* Shortly after the commencement of this artillery duel, General Hampton, who commanded a brigade of infantry, in the leading division of Jackson's column, discovered, while reconnoitering, a crossing of the swamp, practicable for infantry, a short distance below the road; and, crossing in person, he made his way up a small tributary ravine which curved to the right and headed near the road some distance beyond the bridge, and found himself on the flank and rear of the infantry which supported the Federal batteries. He returned and explained the situation to General Jackson, and asked permission to take his brigade across and attack, but, was refused and ordered first to build a bridge where he had crossed.—This, though not necessary, was soon accomplished (it was only prepared for infantry, as it could not be approached by artillery), and its completion was reported to General Jackson, but he made no reply whatever to the report, and took no action upon it. My authority for this statement is General Hampton.

Meanwhile the other brigades moved very slowly, skirmishing slightly, and cutting away trees which the enemy continually felled in their road. A scarcity of tools made this work so slow that it was late in the afternoon when Mahone's brigade, in the lead, reached Brackett's field and found the enemy (Slocum's division) posted behind a considerable swamp, which here falls into White Oak swamp. Mahone advanced a section of Moorman's battery, which drew a very severe fire on itself and the supporting infantry, and developed such a strong position that General Huger determined to turn it by a movement to his right. Night, however, had now come on, and the division bivouaced that night near Mrs. Fisher's.

The division of General Magruder was marched in the morning from Savage station across to Timberlake's store on the Darbytown road (three miles above Fussell's mill), a distance of about ten miles by the road traversed. Here, about two P. M., General Magruder received a note from General Lee (written under the impression, it seems, that his division was in supporting distance of Longstreet), ordering him to halt and await further orders.

Meanwhile, General Holmes, with six thousand infantry and six batteries, had been brought from the defences on the James river, and at ten A. M. had taken position at New Market. Hearing here of the enemy's trains passing over Malvern Hill, General Holmes moved his command down the river road about four P. M., and ordered his chief of artillery, Colonel Deshler, to establish batteries to fire upon the enemy's columns. After some difficulty, Colonel Deshler got five pieces into position, and opened upon Malvern Hill. He was immediately replied to by thirty guns from the Hill, and at the same time also the gunboats anchored in the river at Turkey Bend opened a severe fire, directed in their aim by signals from Malvern. After maintaining the unequal conflict for an hour, Colonel Deshler retired seriously punished, but bringing off his guns; and General Holmes, seeing the hopelessness of further efforts, withdrew his whole command. During this withdrawal, a stampede was caused by the heavy fire of the gunboats, among some artillery which had not been engaged and a cavalry battalion, which resulted in the abandonment of two guns and caissons in a road through the woods, where they were found and carried off by the skirmishers of Warren's brigade, which held that flank of the Federal line.\*

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\* It was never known in the Confederate army that the enemy had followed after Holmes' retreat at all, and it was therefore always supposed that some other Confederate battery had



Shortly after the advance of General Holmes, General Magruder was ordered to move to his support, but he only arrived at New Market about dusk, after General Holmes had withdrawn, and therefore took no part in the affair.

It happened, therefore, from the above mentioned circumstances, that the whole of the fighting at Frazier's farm or Riddle's shop fell upon Longstreet's command, of which A. P. Hill's division now numbered about eleven thousand, and his own division numbered about seven thousand. The greater part of the four divisions of Kearney, McCall, Sedgwick and Hooker were engaged on the Yankee side, averaging ten thousand each.

Early on the morning of the 30th, Longstreet and A. P. Hill resumed their advance upon the Darbytown road, the division of the former leading. Turning to the left on entering the Long Bridge road, the enemy's pickets were soon encountered, and on being driven in they disclosed the position of McCall and Kearney, as has been already described. Line of battle was at once formed by Longstreet's division, under command of General R. H. Anderson, in two lines, the first being composed of Pryor's, Wilcox's, Anderson's (commanded by Jenkins) and Kemper's brigades, in the order named from left to right; the second of Featherston's and Pickett's brigades in rear of the two wings of the first line. The centre of Jenkins' brigade rested on the Long Bridge road, on the right of which was a very dense and tangled wood, and on the left a succession of old fields and pine thickets. A. P. Hill's division was formed in close column near the road, three-fourths of a mile in rear.

The formation was complete and everything in readiness for an attack by two P. M., but General Lee, who was on the field with President Davis, directed that it should be delayed until Huger or Jackson should be heard from. About three P. M. there came from the left the sound of the artillery affair between Huger's advance at Brightwell's and Slocum's artillery, the character of which has already been stated. Supposing it to be General Huger's announcement of his being in position, Longstreet at once replied by ordering his artillery opened. In compliance with this order,

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found and either appropriated these guns or sent them to Richmond along with those captured at Frazier's farm. They did, however, fall into the enemy's hands, and formed the foundation of a not very ingenious sentence in McClellan's address to his army, viz: "You have saved all your material, all your trains and all your guns except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy." The "few lost in battle" were fifty-two, and these two were the only guns "taken in return."

Dearing's battery opened a cannonade which drew a furious and somewhat mischievous fire from the enemy's batteries, which nearly enfiladed the Long Bridge road. An hour passed in this artillery duelling produced no material result, as the intervening thickets hid the contending batteries from each other's view, and the firing was mostly at random. About four P. M., nothing definite being known of Huger and Jackson, but the lateness of the hour admitting no longer delay, General Longstreet assumed the offensive. As no one can go through the details of the action which followed without surprise at the fatal want of concert of action which characterized the many gallant and bloody assaults of the Confederates, it is perhaps best to say beforehand that it was but the pestilent mishaps of almost every offensive battle field which the army of Northern Virginia ever fought, and that its causes were perhaps not peculiar to any one. The wooded character of the country is the reason assigned by Generals Lee and Longstreet in their reports, and an insufficient staff organization was doubtless another source of much difficulty.

The order to move forward and attack was first received by Kemper's brigade, which held the right flank in the dense wood before mentioned, with its right regiment (the Seventeenth Virginia) thrown back to protect the flank. In hearing of the order to charge, through some misapprehension, the brigade started before General Kemper was able to wheel the Seventeenth into line with the others, and as it was impossible to control promptly so extensive a line in such tangled undergrowth, the remaining regiments were allowed to move on, and this one was directed to follow as soon as it could change its front. After advancing several hundred yards in good order, in spite of swampy ground and a sharp shelling of the woods by the enemy, the Yankee pickets were discovered retiring, on seeing which the line immediately cheered loudly and took the double quick in pursuit. This pace soon brought them to the open field, across which were seen the Federal infantry and batteries. A terrible fire was now poured upon them, but without halting to reform the line, disintegrated and much reduced by the double quick through the woods, a charge was made upon a battery (Kern's) about three hundred yards distant (near Mitlock's house) supported by Seymour's brigade, the left brigade of McCall's division. The impetuosity of the charge broke the enemy's line and for a time the battery was in Kemper's possession, but the handful of men who gained it were unable to

maintain it long before the heavy attacks in front and flank which fell upon them, as soon as their small force was appreciated, and they were soon compelled to retreat. The Seventeenth Virginia following in rear of the rest of the brigade had also become much scattered in its rapid movements in the forest, but considerable portions of it came out in time to assist in covering the retreat of their comrades, whom the enemy pursued back into the woods. Here the regiments became so scattered that they were only collected together again after some hours, and they bore no further part in the action. The total loss in the brigade in this charge was four hundred and twenty-four, of whom one hundred and seventy-five were captured.\*

Meanwhile, about the time that Kemper had penetrated the enemy's lines, Pickett's brigade, under Colonel Strange, and Branch's brigade of A. P. Hill's division were hurried forward to his support. The difficulties of the forest, however, prevented their arrival in time to take advantage of his success, and after passing the fragments of this brigade in retreat, Branch and Strange (the latter on the right) became engaged within the wood with the pursuing enemy, and drove him back into the field. On the edge of this field Branch halted, where a projection of the wood placed him within range of the battery which Kemper had assaulted (Kern's), and opening fire upon it he succeeded in silencing it and driving off its cannoneers. Strange, emerging on the field about this time, made a gallant charge on the position, and, after a sharp affair with its supports, took the battery and held it permanently, turning its guns upon the enemy, and completely routing Seymour's brigade.

While these operations were taking place upon the right, the conflict had also been taken up upon the centre by Andrews' battery of Hill's division, and by R. H. Anderson's brigade under Colonel Jenkins. Moving forward at the same time with Pickett's brigade, Jenkins made his way through the woods, bearing more to the left

\* A large part of those captured fell into the hands of a brigade (probably of Hooker's division) which was in the very wood from which Kemper started, its line of battery being perpendicular to the original line of Kemper's brigade, and not twenty rods distant from his flank during the whole afternoon. A courier, bearing a message from the skirmish line to the line of battle, about fifty yards off, before the charge was made, lost his direction and fell into their hands; and after the charge, Lieutenant-Colonel Marye, and a number of men and officers of the Seventeenth in returning, as they thought to their original position, walked directly upon this brigade and were captured. Strange to say, beyond making these captures, it took no part in the action, and its position was never known or suspected by the Confederates.

and keeping his left flank upon the Long Bridge road, until he arrived near the edge of the wood, within three hundred yards of the enemy's batteries. Here a hot exchange of fire began with a battery and the Federal infantry drawn up in the wood and in a gully in rear of the guns, and a temporary halt was made while Chapman's battery (of three guns) was brought up; but it was hardly unlimbered before it was crippled and driven off. Nothing daunted by the overwhelming force in his front, Colonel Jenkins then ordered a charge, which was at once executed, with the utmost gallantry and success, capturing the battery (Cooper's), killing its horses, and turning its guns upon the enemy, and driving the infantry from their position and pursuing beyond it. This success, however, was obtained at a heavy sacrifice, and the force left in ranks was so reduced that the advance of the enemy's second line drove it back and retook the battery, the survivors falling back into the wood from which they had advanced, where a portion of them were rallied by Lieutenant-Colonel Steadman, of the Sixth South Carolina, and afterward joined in the charge of Wilcox's brigade.

Jenkins' brigade took into this charge 1,106 men, of whom 562 were killed or wounded and 27 captured.\*

On the repulse of Jenkins, Wilcox and Pryor, who were about being stretched out to the left to connect with Huger (who was still expected), were now ordered to attack directly in front. The brigades were formed in line, Pryor upon the left, and commenced their advance—Wilcox's centre resting on the Long Bridge road. Dense pine thickets entirely obstructed the view on the left of the road, and so interfered with the advance, that they could only be passed by breaking "by companies to the front." Gaining at length the edge of an open field, the enemy's line was discovered by Pryor's brigade also in the edge of a wood, their right being brought by it obliquely forward. Both parties immediately opened all of their muskets upon each other, and an indecisive but bloody conflict ensued. Featherston's brigade was advanced to Pryor's support, and took ground on his left, and shortly afterwards, General Featherston being wounded, and his brigade and Pryor's badly cut up, Gregg's brigade of A. P. Hill's division was also

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\*The losses in Jenkins own regiment, the Palmetto Sharpshooters, were perhaps never exceeded in the war in so short an affair—amounting to 44 killed and 210 wounded out of 375 engaged. Captain Kilpatrick's company had but one man left untouched, and two other companies but three each. Colonel Jenkins himself bore the marks of ten bullets on his person, horse and accoutrements.

sent to the left to protect against a flank movement which the enemy seemed to threaten. Only one of Gregg's regiments (the Fourteenth South Carolina) was sharply engaged, however, the rest of the brigade being disposed on the flank. This conflict was maintained in unabated fury until after dark, neither party making a charge.\*

Meanwhile Wilcox's brigade continued to move forward against the battery (Cooper's) which had been charged by Jenkins, with the exception of his left regiment (the Eighth Alabama), which became involved in the fight on the left and halted with Pryor's brigade. The remaining regiments, on clearing the woods, received a terrible fire from the guns and infantry on each side of the Long Bridge road, but without halting a moment they dashed upon the batteries at the double-quick in magnificent style, no longer in ranks, but holding well together and cheering, but not stopping to fire. On the right of the road (where Jenkins had charged before) the enemy did not wait for close quarters, and Cooper's battery was again taken. On the left of the road, the Eleventh Alabama had to traverse an open space of six hundred yards before reaching the battery in its front (Randall's), but advancing rapidly through a terrible discharge of canister and musketry, it pressed up to the very muzzles of the guns, where it exchanged one volley with the Fourth and Seventh Pennsylvania, of Meade's brigade (McCall's division), and then charged upon them with the bayonet. A desperate hand-to-hand fight occurred, in which the Alabamians were victorious, and drove their opponents into the woods a short distance in rear of the guns. No reinforcements, however, coming to their support, and being subjected to a severe cross-fire from the front and left, the ground affording no shelter, the battery could not long be held. The gallant regiment, therefore, at length retired, unpursued and slowly, from its bloody prize, and crossing the road, joined, in the woods on the right, the two regiments which had captured Cooper's battery, and which had also at last been compelled to retire, for lack of support, from heavy attacks by fresh troops. In this assault Wilcox's brigade carried in about 1,200 men (including the Eighth Alabama, which did not charge

\*At one time, just after dark, both parties ceased fire under the impression that they were firing upon friends, and a Yankee officer of the Twentieth Indiana rode up to the Fourteenth South Carolina and asked the name of the regiment. He was captured, and all doubt being removed, firing was recommenced and continued until after all other parts of the field were silent. The Fourteenth South Carolina lost 76 men in this action out of about 200 engaged.

the batteries), and lost 455 killed and wounded, and 16 prisoners. The Eleventh Alabama (commanded by Captain Field, who received two wounds) lost forty-nine privates killed, and of its ten company commanders, five were killed outright, one was mortally, two were severely, and one was slightly wounded. It entered the field 357 strong, and had 181 killed and wounded.

Having united the remnants of these regiments in the wood in front of Cooper's battery, which had been taken by the Ninth and Tenth Alabama, General Wilcox still exchanged musketry with the enemy, who remained in the woods behind the battery, and did not offer to re-occupy it.\*

Meanwhile, the remainder of A. P. Hill's division having been moved forward, Field's brigade (with the exception of the Fortieth Virginia, which was sent to protect the right flank of Pickett's brigade, and was heavily engaged there) was ordered to renew the attack upon Randall's and Cooper's batteries. Archer's brigade was sent to the support of Pickett, and J. R. Anderson and Pender were held in reserve for a short time. Field formed in single line on each side of the Long Bridge road, the Fifty-fifth and Sixtieth Virginia on the right, and the Forty-seventh and Second Virginia battalion on the left. The whole line then rushed to the charge with a cheer, and in spite of a heavy fire which met them, they continued to advance with impetuosity and repossessed both Randall's and Cooper's batteries, and drove off their infantry supports; the two regiments on the right of the road pursuing them nearly a half mile.†

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\* The details of the charge of the 11th Alabama are obtained from General Wilcox's report and an account by General McCall (who was present in Randall's battery at the time), published in *Report of Committee on Conduct of War*, Vol. 1, page 588. In another report, *Pennsylvania Reserves in the Peninsula*, page 5, General McCall says of this affair: "Bayonets were crossed and locked in the struggle; bayonet wounds were freely given and received. I saw skulls crushed by the heavy blow of the butt of the musket, and, in short, the desperate thrusts and parries of a life-and-death encounter, proving indeed that *Greek had met Greek when the Alabama boys fell upon the sons of Pennsylvania.*"

General Wilcox gives two instances of the desperate character of the fighting, as follows: "The sword and bayonet were freely used. Captain W. C. Parker had two successive encounters with Federal officers, both of whom he felled with his sword, and beset by others of the enemy he was severely wounded—receiving two bayonet wounds in the breast and one in his side, and a musket wound breaking his thigh. Lieutenant Michie had a hand to hand collision with an officer, and, having just dealt a severe blow to his adversary, he fell cut over the head with a sabre-bayonet from behind, and had afterwards three bayonet wounds in the face and two in the breast; all severe wounds, which he survived, however, for three days. Many of the men received and gave in return bayonet wounds." *Reports of Army Northern Virginia*, vol. 1, page 343.

† In this charge the bayonet was again freely used by the Sixtieth Virginia, Colonel Starke, who met the enemy in the wood, in rear of Cooper's battery. Colonel Starke, in his official reports says, "very many of the enemy fell before that formidable weapon. \* \* \* I can-



This pursuit, however, exposed their flank and rear, and might probably have resulted in their capture by some troops, apparently from Hooker's line, who advanced with a battery from the direction of Willis Church and had nearly attained the Long Bridge road when Pender's brigade, which had been sent after Field on his charge, opportunely arrived. A Yankee column, moving by a flank at the double quick, approached within seventy-five yards of Pender, apparently not seeing the gray uniforms in the dusk, and was scattered by a single volley. After a sharp skirmish, the battery was also driven off, and Field's rear was secured. A little later, J. R. Anderson's brigade, the last reserve, was also advanced on Pender's left to Field's support, and being told that Field was in its front, allowed itself to be deceived by a Federal brigade, which approached it calling out, "don't shoot, we are friends," and finally delivered a volley which caused it much loss. Anderson, however, did not retreat, but ordering his men to lie down, he maintained a fire upon the enemy until after dark. Appreciating his danger, and favored by the arrival of Pender and Anderson, Field at length withdrew his line to unite with Pender, and cover the captured batteries, which he also took measures to remove. Even upon this line volleys of musketry were still exchanged so heavily that for a time much apprehension was felt for the result, and General A. P. Hill was endeavoring to rally a reserve of stragglers and to encourage the front line by raising loud cheers, when about nine P. M., the musketry very suddenly ceased on each side and the battle was ended.

Its results in killed and wounded can only be approximated. Longstreet and A. P. Hill lost probably 2,000 each, and the enemy probably also lost 4,000 men and eighteen guns, comprised in the three batteries which had been captured. A few prisoners only were captured on either side, but among the Federal prisoners was Major-General McCall, who, accompanied by three couriers and numbers of his staff, rode into the Forty-seventh Virginia after night fall. On discovering their position, General McCall and a courier surrendered. His adjutant, Major Biddle, was shot in attempting to escape, and the fourth person succeeded in galloping off.

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not close this report without mentioning the conduct of Private R. A. Christian of Company I. Private Christian, in the bayonet charge, was assailed by no less than four of the enemy at the same instant. He succeeded in killing three of them with his own hands, though wounded in several places by bayonet thrusts; and his brother, Eli Christian, going to his aid, dispatched the fourth."

Shortly after the cessation of the firing, General Magruder's division, very much jaded by its day's march, arrived on the field; having been recalled from New Market, where it had been directed, as before explained, to the support of General Holmes' attack. General Magruder was directed to relieve the divisions of Hill and Longstreet, to feel the enemy during the night, and to prepare to attack at day light. The enemy was found to be still in position late in the night, but when a skirmish line was advanced in the morning it found but a small rear guard in its front, and soon met the skirmishers of General Jackson's column advancing from White Oak swamp. General Jackson's column being the freshest was now directed to pursue the enemy, on the road since known as the Quaker road, while General Magruder was ordered to advance toward Malvern Hill on a parallel road to the right.\*

Sending a regiment of cavalry in front as an advanced guard, General Jackson pushed the head of the infantry column close behind them, through the woods, and advanced rapidly upon Malvern Hill, fearing lest the enemy should escape. No sooner, however, did the cavalry show itself where the Quaker road debouches from the woods, on the open slopes of Crew's farm, than the position of the enemy was made apparent by a furious cannonade from heavy batteries posted to command all approaches and to enfilade the road. So perfectly was this done, that a single shrapnel killed two and wounded nineteen men of the First Texas Regiment. Receiving this heavy enfilade fire, the cavalry came back in confusion, while the infantry was thrown in the woods on the right and left of the road. A reconnoissance soon developed the great strength of the enemy's position and force. Preparations were at once made by General Lee to attack. Jackson's line was formed with Whiting's division on the left and D. H. Hill's on the right. Stafford's Louisiana brigade of Ewell's division held the centre between Whiting and Hill. The rest of Jackson's command was formed in a second line in rear of the first. On the right of D. H. Hill came in Armistead's and Wright's brigades of Huger's division, and on their

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\* The road generally called the Quaker road, since the battle of Malvern Hill, is more properly the Willis Church road. A small cross-road from the Long Bridge to the River road, entering the latter a half mile above where the Willis Church road comes in, after crossing Malvern Hill, was always known as the Quaker road before this period. A confusion of names arose, however, at this time, which has resulted in the general application of the latter name to the road by Willis Church. No accurate maps of this section of country and its roads existed at the time, and to that fact it is probably due that no force was directed to the right and sent to east of Turkey creek to cut the River road below the Turkey Creek bridge.

right D. R. Jones' sub-division of Magruder's command, consisting of Tombs' and G. T. Anderson's brigades. The remainder of Huger's command (Mahone's and Ransom's brigades), and of Magruder's command (Barksdale's, Cobb's, Kershaw's and Semmes' brigades, the two last constituting McLaws' division), were disposed and used in support of Armistead, Wright and D. R. Jones. General Holmes, with his division, moved from New Market a short distance down the River road, and formed line of battle, but took no part in the action, deeming the enemy's position too strong for attack in that direction. Longstreet and A. P. Hill remained in reserve on the Long Bridge road. Owing to ignorance of the roads and topography and the dense forests which impeded communication, the whole line was not formed until late in the afternoon.

The Federal army was all concentrated upon the field, its divisions being in the following order from its left to right, viz: Sykes, Morell, Couch, Kearney, Hooker, Sedgwick, Richardson, Smith, Slocum and Peck. McCall was in reserve, in rear of Sykes and Morell. The artillery reserve was also present, and was so disposed with the division batteries that General McClellan states that "the fire of sixty guns could be concentrated on any point on the front or left" of his left wing, which was the flank attacked. The position was of great natural strength, and the Federal gunboats in the James were also able to throw their enormous projectiles over the whole ground occupied by the Confederates.

Considerable artillery firing had taken place during the day, and it was designed to precede the attack of the infantry with a heavy cannonade, but owing to the narrow debouchements of the roads on the plain, and the few good positions for guns, and more especially to the faulty organization of the artillery, no concentration of batteries was effected. Several batteries were put in action at different points and at different times, but being advanced singly against the entire array of superior metal displayed by the enemy, they were each soon disabled and driven off\*.

About 6 P. M. the attacks by the infantry were begun, and as their details are much confused, and, moreover, do not fall strictly within the limits of this narrative, they are passed over, and General Lee's brief but excellent and comprehensive report of this field is substituted:

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\* Among the batteries thus advanced, the following are complimented in the official reports for their gallant behavior, viz: Pegram's, Carpenter's, Grimes', Poague's, Balthis', Reilly's and Moorman's.

"The obstacles presented by the woods and swamp made it impracticable to bring up a sufficient force of artillery to oppose successfully the extraordinary force of that arm employed by the enemy, while the field itself afforded us few positions favorable for its use, and none for its proper concentration. Orders were issued for a general advance, at a given signal, but the causes referred to prevented a proper concert of action among the troops. D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line, but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming numbers and numerous batteries of the enemy. Jackson sent to his support his own division, and that part of Ewell's which was in reserve, but owing to the increasing darkness and intricacy of the forest and swamp, they did not arrive in time to render the desired assistance. Hill was therefore compelled to abandon part of the ground he had gained, after suffering severe loss and inflicting heavy damage upon the enemy. On the right, the attack was gallantly made by Huger's and Magruder's commands. Two brigades of the former commenced the action" (Wright's and Armistead's), "and the other two were subsequently sent to the support of Magruder and Hill (D. H.) Several determined efforts were made to storm the hill at Crew's house. The brigades advanced bravely across the open field, raked by the fire of a hundred cannon and the musketry of large bodies of infantry. Some were broken and gave way, others approached close to the guns, driving back the infantry, compelling the advanced batteries to retire to escape capture, and mingling their dead with those of the enemy. For want of concert among the attacking columns their assaults were too weak to break the Federal line, and after struggling gallantly, sustaining and inflicting great loss, they were compelled successively to retire. Night was approaching when the attack began, and it soon became difficult to distinguish friend from foe. The firing continued until after 9 P. M., but no decided result was gained. Part of the troops were withdrawn to their original positions, others remained on the open field, and some rested within a hundred yards of the batteries which had been so bravely, but vainly, assailed. The general conduct of the troops was excellent—in some cases heroic. The lateness of the hour at which the attack necessarily began gave the enemy the full advantage of his superior position, and augmented the natural difficulties of our own."

The commendation bestowed by General Lee was indeed merited by no few of the gallant commands which faced the *feu d'enfer* of that terrible field. The dead of the Tenth Louisiana of Semmes' brigade were found next morning beyond the line occupied by the Yankee guns and among the outbuildings of Crew's settlement, which had been the very stronghold of their line. It happened to this brigade, as well as to some others of those who were in front after dark, that they were fired into from behind by those moving up in support. At the cessation of the fire, several fragments of different commands were lying down and holding their ground within a short distance of the enemy's line, and as soon as the fighting ceased an informal truce was established by common consent, and numerous parties from both armies, with lanterns and litters, wandered over the field seeking for the unfortunate wounded, whose groans and calls on all sides could not fail to move with pity the heart of friend or foe.

Morning broke with a heavy rain, and showed the enemy's position entirely deserted, his army having withdrawn safely during the night across Turkey Creek bridge, leaving on the field his killed, with three disabled guns and the usual number of scattered small arms.

His retreat was now secure, and he reached Harrison's bar, or Westover, a strong position on the James, previously selected, without further molestation, and immediately fortified it so vigorously, that when, on the 4th of July, the Confederates again came up, no chance of success was left to an assault. General Lee remained in its front for a few days reconnoitering and offering battle, but it proved in vain, and on the 8th the army was withdrawn to the vicinity of Richmond.

The Confederate loss in the battle of Malvern Hill is reported at 5,062, of which 2,900 fell in Magruder's and Huger's divisions, and 2,162 in Jackson's command. The Federal loss did not exceed one-third of that number.\*

The total Confederate loss in the Seven Days' Battles may be estimated at slightly above 17,000.†

General McClellan reports his losses as 1,582 killed, 7,709 wounded, and 5,958 missing. Total, 15,249.

The Confederates captured fifty-two pieces of artillery, and

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\* Swinton's army of the Potomac, page 162.

† Jackson reports his total losses in his four divisions as 5,446; in Longstreet's division the loss amounted to 4,429; in A. P. Hill's to 3,870. Partial returns of Magruder, Huger and Holmes indicate the amount of their losses to be about 3,500. Aggregate, 17,245.

collected from the battle-fields over thirty-five thousand stand of small arms, of which probably twenty-five thousand had been abandoned by the enemy. Including the sick and wounded, about ten thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the Confederates. The total casualties of Longstreet's brigades are given in the following table. The reserve artillery was not engaged:

BRIGADIER GEN'L.	Designation of brigade	Present for duty before battles.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		Aggregate.
			Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
J. L. Kemper.....	1st.	1,500	8	36	14	191	19	146	41	373	414
R. H. Anderson....	2d.	1,250	10	125	47	537	.....	13	57	725	782
Geo. E. Pickett.....	3d.	1,481	10	62	52	511	.....	19	62	592	654
C. M. Wilcox.....	4th.	1,850	13	216	52	754	1	19	66	988	1,055
R. A. Pryor .....	5th.	1,400	15	154	35	645	.....	11	50	810	860
W. S. Featherston..	6th.	1,350	7	107	31	510	3	6	41	623	664
Grand total.....	.....	8,831	63	700	231	3,193	23	214	317	4,112	4,429

### Camp Fires of the Boys in Gray.

By Private CARLTON MCCARTHY, of the Richmond Howitzers.

[NOTE.—The substance of this paper was delivered in response to a toast at the banquet and reunion of the Richmond Howitzers November 9th, 1875, and there has been a very general desire for its publication. It is a vivid picture of camp life which will be readily recognized by the old soldier, and contains matter well worthy of a place in these PAPERS.]

The soldier may forget the long, weary march, with its dust, heat and thirst, and he may forget the horrors and blood of the battle-field, or he may recall them sadly, as one thinks of the loved dead; but the cheerful, happy scenes of the camp fire he will never forget! How willingly he closes his eyes to the present to dream of those happy, careless days and nights. Around the fire crystallize the memories of the soldier's life. It was his home—his place of rest, where he met with good companionship. *Who kindled the fire?* Nobody had matches, there was no fire in sight, and yet, scarcely



was the camp determined when the bright blaze of the camp fire was seen. *He* was a shadowy fellow who kindled the fire. Nobody knows who he was, but no matter how wet the leaves, how sobby the twigs—no matter if there was no fire in a mile of camp, that fellow could start one. Some men might get down on hands and knees, and blow it and fan it, rear and charge, and fume and fret, and yet “she would’nt burn.” But this fellow would come, kick it all around, scatter it, rake it together again, shake it up a little, and oh! *how it burned!* The little flames would bite the twigs, and snap at the branches, embrace the logs, and leap and dance, and laugh at the touch of the master’s hand and soon lay at his feet a bed of glowing coals.

As soon as the fire is kindled all hands want water. Who can find it? Where is it? Never mind! we have a man who knows where to go. He says, “where’s our bucket?” and then we hear the rattle of the old tin cup as it drops to the bottom of it, and away he goes, nobody knows where. But *he* knows, and he doesn’t stop to think, but without the slightest hesitation or doubt, strikes out in the darkness.

From the camp fire as a centre, draw 500 radii, and start an ordinary man on any of them, and let him walk a mile on each, and he will miss the water. But that fellow in the mess with the water instinct never failed. He would go as straight for the spring, or well, or creek, or river, as though he had lived in that immediate neighborhood all his life and never got water any where else. What a valuable man he was. A modest fellow, who never knew his own greatness. But others remember and honor him. May he never want for any good thing! Having a roaring fire and a bucket of good water, we settle down. A man cannot be comfortable “*anywhere*,” so each man and his “chum” picks out a tree, and that particular tree becomes the homestead of the two. They hang their canteens on it, lay their haversacks and spread their blankets at the foot of it, and sit down, and lean their weary backs against it, and feel that they are at home. How gloomy the woods are beyond the glow of our fire? How cosy and comfortable we are who stand around it and inhale the aroma of the coffee boiler and the skillet? The man squatting by the fire is a person of importance. He doesn’t talk—not he; his whole mind is concentrated on that skillet. He is our cook—volunteer, natural and talented cook. Not in a vulgar sense. He doesn’t mix, but simply bakes, the biscuit. Every faculty, all the energy of the man, is employed in that great work. Don’t suggest

any thing to him if you value his friendship! Don't attempt to put on or take off from the top of that skillet one single coal, and don't be in a hurry for the biscuit. You need not say you "like yours half done," &c. Simply wait. When he thinks they are ready, and not before, you get them. *He* may raise the lid cautiously now and then and look in, but don't *you* look in. Don't say you think they are done; because its useless.

Ah! his face relaxes—he raises the lid, turns it upside down to throw off the coals, and says: *All right boys!* And now with the air of a wealthy philanthropist he distributes the solid and weighty product of his skill to, as it were, the humble dependents around him.

The "General" of the mess having satisfied the cravings of the inner-man, now proceeds to enlighten the ordinary members of it as to when, how and why, and where the campaign will open, and what will be the result.

He arranges for every possible and impossible contingency, and brings the war to a favorable and early termination. The greatest mistake General Lee ever made, was that he failed to consult this man. Who can tell what "might have been" if he had.

Now, to the consternation of all hands, our old friend, "the Bore," familiarly known as "the old Auger," opens his mouth to tell us of a little incident illustrative of his personal prowess, and, by way of preface, commences at Eden and goes laboriously through the Patriarchal age, on through the Mosaic dispensation to the Christian era, takes in Grecian and Roman history by the way, then Spain and Germany and England and colonial times, and the early history of our grand Republic; the causes of and necessity for our war, and a complete history up to date. And then slowly unfolds the little matter. We always loved to hear this man, and prided ourselves on being the only mess in the army having such a treasure *all our own*.

The "Auger" having been detailed for guard-duty walks off, and his voice grows fainter and fainter in the distance, and we call forth our Poet. One eye is bandaged with a dirty cotton rag. He is bareheaded and his hair resembles a dismantled straw-stack. His elbows and knees are out, and his pants, from the knee down, have a brown-toasted tinge imparted by the genial heat of many a fire. His toes protrude themselves prominently from his shoes. You would say, "What a dirty, ignorant fellow." But listen to his rich, well-modulated voice. How perfect his memory. What graceful

gestures. How his single eye glows. See the color on his cheek.  
See the strained and still attention of the little group around him.  
Hear him!

"I am dying, Egypt, dying—  
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast.  
Let thine arms, Oh! Queen, support me,  
Hush thy sobs and bow thy ear;  
Listen to the great heart secrets—  
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

"Though my proud and veteran legions  
Bear their Eagles high no more,  
And my wrecked and shattered galleys  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore—  
Though no glittering guards surround me,  
Prompt to do their master's will,  
I must perish like a Roman;  
Die—the great triumvir still.

"Let not Cæsar's servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low;  
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,  
'Twas his own that struck the blow.  
Here, then, pillow on thy bosom  
Ere his star fade quite away,  
Him, who drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly flung a world away.

"Should the base plebeian rabble  
Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
Where the noble spouse Octavia  
Weeps within her widowed home—  
Seek her! say the Gods have told me,  
Altars, Augurs—circling wings,  
That her blood, with mine commingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

"As for thee, dark-eyed Egyptian,  
Glorious Sorceress of the Nile,  
Light the path to Stygian horrors  
With the glories of thy smiles.  
Give to Cæsar Crowns and Arches,  
Let his brow the Laurel twine—  
I could scorn the Senate's triumph,  
Triumphing in love like thine.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!  
Hard! the insulting foeman's cry,  
They are coming! quick! my falchion!!  
Let me front them ere I die.  
Ah! no more, amid the battle,  
Shall my heart exulting swell—  
Iris and Osiris guard thee—  
Cleopatra! Rome! Farewell!"

"Good!" "Bully!" "Go ahead, Jack!" "Give us some more, old fellow!" And he generally did, much to everybody's satisfaction. We all loved Jack, *the Poet* of our mess. He sleeps, his battles o'er, in Hollywood.

The *Singing man* generally put in towards the last and sung us to bed. He was generally a diminutive man, with a sweet voice and a sweetheart at home. His songs had in them rosy lips, blue eyes, golden hair, pearly teeth, and all that sort of thing. Of course he would sing some good rollicking songs in order to give all a chance. And so, with hearty chorus, "Three times around went she," "Virginia, Virginia, the Land of the Free," "No Surrender," "Lula, Lula, Lula is Gone," "John Brown's Body," with many variations, "Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Farewell to the Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," with immense variations, and "Maryland, My Maryland," till about the third year of the war, when we began to think Maryland had "breathed and burned" long enough and ought to "come." What part of her did come was *first class*. How the woods did ring with song. There were patriotic songs, romantic and love songs, sarcastic, comic and war songs, pirates' glees, plantation melodies, lullabies, good old hymn tunes, anthems, Sunday school songs, and everything but vulgar and obscene songs—these were scarcely ever heard, and were nowhere in the army well received or encouraged.

The recruit—our latest acquisition—was so interesting. His nice, clean clothes, new hat, new shoes, trimming on his shirt front, letters and cross guns on his hat, new knife for all the fellows to borrow, nice comb for general use, nice little glass to shave by, good smoking tobacco, money in his pocket to lend out; oh! what a great convenience he was. How *many* things he had that a fellow could borrow, and how willing he was to go on guard, and get wet, and give away his rations, and bring water, and cut wood, and ride horses to water; and he was so clean and sweet, and his cheeks so rosy, all the fellows wanted to bunk with him under

his nice new blanket, and impart to him some of their numerous and energetic "tormentors."

And then it was *so interesting* to hear him talk. He knew *so much* about war, arms, tents, knapsacks, ammunition, marching, fighting, camping, cooking, shooting, and everything a soldier is and does. It is remarkable how much a recruit and how little an old soldier knows about such things. After awhile the recruit forgets all, and is as ignorant as any veteran.

How good the fellows were to a really gentlemanly boy; how they loved him! *The Scribe* was a wonderful fellow and very useful. He could write a two-hours pass, sign the captain's name better than the captain himself, and endorse it "respectfully forwarded approved," sign the colonel's name after "respectfully forwarded approved," and then on up to the commanding officer. And do it so well! Nobody wanted anything better. The boys had great veneration for the scribe, and used him constantly.

*The Mischievous man* was very useful. He made fun. He knew how to volunteer to shave a fellow with a big beard and moustache. He would'nt lend his razor, but he'd shave him very well. He shaves one cheek, one-half the chin, one side of the upper lip, puts his razor in his pocket, walks off, and leaves his customer the most one-sided chap in the army. He knew how to do something like this *every day*. What a treasure to a mess!

*The Forager* was a good fellow. He always divided with the mess. If there was buttermilk anywhere inside of ten miles he found it. Apples he could smell from afar off. If anybody was killing pork in the county he got the spareribs.

If a man had a cider cart on the road he saw him first and bought him out. *No hound* had a keener scent, no eagle a sharper eye. How indefatigable he was. Distance, rivers, mountains, pickets, patrols, roll-calls—nothing could stop or hinder him. He never bragged about his exploits—simply brought in the spoils, laid them down, and said, "pitch in." Not a word of the weary miles he had traveled, how he begged or how much he paid—simply "pitch in."

*The Commissary man*—he happened to be in our mess, never had any sugar over, any salt, any soda, any coffee—oh no! But beg him, plead with him, bear with him, when he says, "Go way, boy! Am I the commissary general? Have I got all the sugar in the Confederacy? Don't you know rations are short now?" Then see him relax. "Come here, my son, untie that bag there, and look in that old jacket, and you will find another bag—a little bag—and

look in there and you will find some sugar." "Now, go round and tell everybody in camp, won't you. Tell 'em all to come and get some sugar. *Oh! I know you won't. Oh yes! of course.*"

Time would fail me to tell of the "lazy man," the "brave man," the "worthless man," the "bully," and the "ingenious man," the "helpless man," the "sensitive man," and the "gentleman," but they are as familiar to the members of the mess as the "honest man," who would not eat stolen pig, but would "take a little of the gravy."

Every soldier remembers, indeed was personally acquainted with, the *universal man*. How he denied vehemently his own identity, and talked about "poison oak," and heat and itch, and all those things, and strove in the presence of those who knew-how-it-was-themselves, to prove his absolute freedom from anything like "universality." Poor fellow, sulphur internally and externally would not do. Alas! his only hope was to acknowledge his unhappy state, and stand, in the presence of his peers, confessed—a lousy man.

The "Boys in Blue" generally preferred to camp in the open fields. The Confed's took to the woods, and so the Confederate camp was not as orderly or as systematically arranged, but the most picturesque of the two. The blazing fire lit up the forms and faces and trees around it with a ruddy glow, but only deepened the gloom of the surrounding woods, so that the soldier pitied the poor fellows away off on guard in the darkness, and hugged himself and felt how good it was to be with the fellows around the fire. How companionable was the blaze and the glow of the coals! They seemed to warm the heart as well as the foot. The imagination seemed to feed on the glowing coals and surrounding gloom, and when the soldier gazed on the fire, peace, liberty, home, strolls in the woods and streets with friends, the church, the school, playmates and sweethearts, all passed before him, and even the dead came to mind. Sadly, yet pleasantly, he thought of the loved and lost, and the future loomed up and the possibility of death and prison and the grief at home, would stir his heart and the tears would fall trickling to the ground. Then was the time to fondle the little gifts from home. Simple things—the little pincushion, the needlecase with thread and buttons, the embroidered tobacco-bag and the knitted gloves. Then the time to gaze on photographs, and to read and re-read the letter telling of the struggles at home and the coming box of good things—butter and bread and toasted and ground



coffee, and sugar cakes and pies, and other comfortable things saved by self-denial, for the soldier, brother and son. Then the time to call on God to spare, protect and bless the dear, defenceless, helpless ones at home. Then the time for high resolve; to read to himself his duty; to "re-enlist for the war." Then his heart grew to his comrades, his general and his country, and as the trees, swept by the winter winds, moaned around him, the soldier slept and dreamed, and dreamed of home, sweet home.

Those whose knowledge of war and its effects on the character of the soldier was gleaned from the history of the wars of Europe and of ancient times, greatly dreaded the demoralization which they supposed would result from the Confederate war for independence, and their solicitude was directed mainly towards the young men of Virginia and the South who were to compose the armies of the Confederate States. It was feared by many that the bivouac, the camp-fires and the march would accustom the ears of their bright and innocent boys to obscenity, oaths and blasphemy, and forever destroy that purity of mind and soul which was their priceless possession when they bid farewell to home and mother. Some feared the destruction of the battle-field. The wiser feared hardship and disease, and others, more than all, the destruction of morals and everything good and pure in character. That the fears of the last named were realized in some cases cannot be denied; but that the general result was demoralization can be denied and the contrary demonstrated.

Let us consider the effect of camp-life upon a pure and noble boy. And to make the picture complete let us go to his home and witness the parting.

The boy is clothed as a soldier. His pockets and his haversack are stored with little conveniences made by the loving hands of mother, sister and sweetheart, and the sad, yet proud hour has arrived. Sisters, smiling through their tears, filled with commingled pride and sorrow, kiss and embrace their great hero.

The mother, with calm heroism suppressing her tender maternal grief, impresses upon his lips a fervent, never-to-be-forgotten kiss, presses him to her heart, and resigns him to God, his country and his honor.

The father, last to part, presses his hand, gazes with ineffable love into his bright eyes, and fearing to trust his feelings for a more lengthy farewell, says, good bye, my boy, God bless you—be a man!!

Let those scoff who will; but let them know that such a parting is itself a new and wonderful power, a soul enlarging, purifying and elevating power, worth the danger, toil and suffering of the soldier. The sister's tears, the father's words, the mother's kiss, planted in the memory of that boy will surely bring forth fruit beautiful as a mother's love.

As he journeys to the camp, how dear do all at home become. Oh what holy tears he sheds. His heart, how tender. Then as he nears the line, and sees for the first time the realities of war, the passing sick and weary, and the wounded and bloody dead, his soldier spirit is born, he smiles, his chest expands, his eyes brighten, his heart swells with pride; he hurries on, and soon stands in the magic circle around the glowing fire, the admired and loved pet of a dozen true hearts. Is he happy? Aye! Never before has he felt such glorious, swelling, panting joy. He's a soldier now! He is put on guard. No longer the object of care and solicitude, he stands in the solitude of the night, himself a guardian of those who sleep. Courage is his now. He feels he is trusted as a man, and is ready at once nobly to perish in the defence of his comrades.

He marches. Dare he murmur or complain? No! the eyes of all are upon him, and endurance grows silently, till pain and weariness are familiar, and cheerfully borne.

At home he would be pitied and petted; but now he must endure or have the contempt of the strong spirits around him.

He is hungry. So are others, and he must not only bear the privation, but he must divide his pitiful meal, when he gets it, with his comrades; and so generosity strikes down selfishness. In a thousand ways he is tried, and that by sharp critics. His smallest faults are necessarily apparent, for, in the varying conditions of the soldier, every quality is put to the test. If he shows the least cowardice he is undone. His courage must never fail. He must be manly and independent, or he will be told he's a baby, ridiculed, teased and despised. When war assumes her serious dress, he sees the helplessness of women and children, he hears their piteous appeals, and chivalry burns him till he does his utmost of sacrifice and effort to protect, and comfort, and cheer them.

It is a mistake to suppose that the older men in the army encouraged vulgarity and obscenity in the young recruit; for even those who themselves indulged in these would frown on the first show of them in a boy, and without hesitation put him down mercilessly. No parent could watch a boy as closely as his mess-mates

did and could, because they saw him at all hours of the day and night, dependent on himself alone, and were merciless critics, who demanded more of their protege than they were willing to submit to themselves.

The young soldier's piety had to perish ignominiously, or else assume a boldness and strength which nothing else could so well impart as the temptations, sneers, and dangers of the army. Religion had to be bold, practical and courageous or die.

In the army, the young man learned to value men for what they were, and not on account of education, wealth or station, and so his attachments when formed were sincere and durable, and he learned what constitutes a man, and a desirable and reliable friend. The stern demands upon the boy, and the unrelenting criticisms of the mess, soon bring to mind the gentle forbearance, and kind remonstrance, and loving counsels of parents and homefolkes, and while he thinks, he weeps, and loves, and reverences, and yearns after the things against which he once strove, and under which he chafed and complained.

Home, father, mother, sister, oh! how far away, oh! how dear. Himself, how contemptible! ever to have felt cold and indifferent to such love. Then, how vividly he recalls the warm pressue of his mother's lips on the forehead of her boy. How he loves his mother!! See him as he fills his pipe from the silk embroidered bag. There is his name embroidered carefully, beautifully by his sister's hand. Does he forget her? Does he not now love her more sincerely, and truly, and tenderly than ever? Could he love her quite as much had he never parted, never longed to see her and could not, never been uncertain if she was safe, never felt she might be homeless, helpless, insulted, a refugee from home? Can he ever now look on a little girl and not treat her kindly, gently and lovingly—remembering his sister? A boy having ordinary natural goodness, and the home supports described, and the constant watching of men, ready to criticise, could but improve. The least exhibition of selfishness, cowardice, vulgarity, dishonesty, or meanness of any kind brought down the dislike of every man upon him, and persistence in *any one* disreputable practice, or habitual laziness and worthliness, resulted in complete ostracism, loneliness and misery; while on the other hand he might, by good behavior, and genuine generosity and courage, secure unbounded love and sincere respect from all. Visits home, after prolonged

absence and danger, open to the young soldier new treasures—new, because, though possessed always, never before felt and realized.

The affection once seen only in every day attention, as he reaches home, breaks out in unrestrained vehemence. The warm embrace of the hitherto dignified father, the ecstatic pleasure beaming in the mother's eye, the proud welcome of the sister, and the wild enthusiasm even of the old black mammy, crowd on him the knowledge of their love, and make him braver, and stronger, and nobler. He's a hero from that hour! Death for these, how easy!! The dangers of the battle-field, and the demands upon his energy, strength and courage, not only strengthen but almost create new faculties of mind and heart. The death, sudden and terrible of those dear to him, and the imperative necessity of standing to his duty while the wounded cry and groan, and while his heart yearns after them to help them, and the terrible thirst, and hunger, and heat, and weariness—all these teach a boy self-denial, attachment to duty, and the value of peace and safety, and instead of hardening him, as some suppose they do, make him to pity and love even the enemy of his country who bleeds and dies for *his* country.

The acquirement of subordination certainly is a useful one, and that the soldier perforce has. And that not in an abject, cringing way, but as realizing the necessity of it, and seeing the result of it in the good order and consequent effectiveness and success of the army as a whole, but more particularly of his own company and detachment.

And if the soldier rises to office, the responsibility of command, attention to detail and minutiae, the critical eyes of his subordinates, and the demands of his superiors, all withdraw him from the enticements of vice, and mould him into a solid, substantial character, both capable and willing to meet and to overcome difficulties.

The effect of out door life on the physical constitution is undoubtedly good, and as the physical improves, the mental is improved, and as the mind is enlightened, the spirit is enabled to grasp the purifying truths of the gospel, and thus the whole man is benefited.

Who can calculate the benefit derived from the contemplation of the beautiful in nature, as the soldier sees. Mountains and valleys, dreary wastes and verdant fields, rivers, sequestered homes, stirred by the sounds of war; quiet, sleepy villages, as they lay in the morning light, doomed to the flames at evening: this enlarges the

mind, and stores it with a panorama whose pictures he may pass before his mental vision with quiet pleasure year after year for a lifetime.

War is horrible, but still it is in a sense a privilege to have lived in time of war. The emotions are never so stirred as then. Imagination takes her highest flights, poetry blazes, song stirs the soul, and every noble attribute is brought into full play.

It does seem that the production of one Lee and one Jackson is worth much blood and treasure, and the building of a noble character all the toil and sacrifice of war. The camp fires of the Army of Northern Virginia were not places of revelry and debauchery. They often exhibited gentle scenes of love and humanity, and the purest sentiments and gentlest feelings of man were there admired and loved, while vice and debauch, in any, from highest to lowest, were condemned and punished more severely than they are among those who stay at home and shirk the dangers and toils of the soldier's life. Indeed the demoralizing effects of the late war were far more visible "at home" among the skulks, and bomb-proofs, and suddenly diseased, than in the army.

And the demoralized men of to-day are not those who served in the army.

The defaulters, the renegades, the bummers and cheats, are the boys who enjoyed fat places and salaries and easy comfort—while the solid, respected and reliable men of the community are those who did their duty as soldiers, and having learned to suffer in war have preferred to labor and suffer and earn rather than steal—in peace.

And, strange to say, it is not those who suffered most and lost most, who fought and bled—who saw friend after friend fall, who wept the dead and buried their hopes—it is not these who now are bitter and dissatisfied, and quarrelsome and fretful, and growling and complaining—no, they are the peaceful, submissive, law abiding and order loving of the country, ready to join hands with all good men in every good work, and prove themselves as brave and good in peace as they were stubborn and unconquerable in war.

Many a weak, puny boy was returned to his parents a robust, healthy, *manly man*. Many a timid, helpless boy went home a brave, independent man. Many a wild, reckless boy, went home sobered, serious and trustworthy, and many whose career at home was wicked and blasphemous, went home changed in heart, with

principles fixed, to comfort and sustain the old age of those who gave them to their country, expecting not to receive them again. Men learned that life was passable and enjoyable without a roof, or even a tent, to shelter from the storm—that cheerfulness was compatible with cold and hunger, and that a man, without money, food or shelter, need not feel utterly hopeless, but might, by employing his wits, find something to eat where he never found it before; and feel that, like a terrapin, he might make himself at home wherever he might be. Men did actually become as independent of the imaginary “necessities” as the very wild beasts. And can a man learn all this and not know better than another how to economize what he has and how to appreciate the numberless superfluities of life? Is he not made, by the knowledge he has of how little he really needs, more independent and less liable to dishonest exertions to procure a competency.

If there were any true men in the South, any brave, any noble, they were in the army. If there are good and true men in the South now, they would go into the army for similar cause. And to prove that the army demoralized, you must prove that the men who came out of it are the worst in the country to-day. Who will try it? Strange as it may seem, religion flourished in the army. So great was the work of the chaplains, that whole volumes have been written to describe the religious history of the four years of war. Officers who were ungodly men found themselves restrained alike by the grandeur of the piety of the great chiefs and the earnestness of the humble privates around them. Thousands embraced the Gospel, and died triumphing over death! Instead of the degradation so dreaded, was the strange ennobling and purifying which made men despise all the things for which they ordinarily strive, and glory in the sternest hardships, the most bitter self-denials and cruel suffering and death. Love for home, kindred and friends intensified, was denied the gratification of its yearnings, and made the motive for more complete surrender to the stern demands of duty. Discipline, the cold master of our enemies, never caught up with the gallant devotion of our Christian soldiers, and the science of war quailed before the majesty of an army singing hymns.

Hypocrisy went home to dwell with the able bodied skulkers, being too closely watched in the army and too thoroughly known to thrive. And so the camp fire often lighted the pages of the best Book, while the soldier read the orders of the Captain of his salva-



tion. And often did the songs of Zion ring loud and clear on the cold night air, while the muskets rattled and the guns boomed in the distance, each intensifying the significance of the other, testing the sincerity of the Christian while trying the courage of the soldier. Stripped of all sensual allurements, and offering only self-denial, patience and endurance, the Gospel took hold of the deepest and purest motives of the soldiers, won them thoroughly, and made the army as famous for its forbearance, temperance, respect for women and children, sobriety, honesty and morality, as it was for endurance and invincible courage.

Never was there an army where feeble old age received such sympathy, consideration and protection, and women, deprived of their natural protectors, fled from the advancing hosts of the enemy and found safe retreat and chivalrous protection and shelter in the lines of the Army of Northern Virginia, while children played in the camps, delighted to nestle in the arms of the roughly clad but tender hearted soldiers. Such was the behavior of the troops on the campaign in Pennsylvania, that the citizens of Gettysburg have in my presence expressed wonder and surprise at their perfect immunity from insult, violence, or even intrusion, when their city was occupied by and in complete possession of the Boys in Gray.

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*Letter from General J. E. Johnston.*

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

Dear Sir—In the account of "The Seven Days Fighting" published by your society in the June No. of the Southern Magazine, there are some errors as to the strength of the Army of Northern Virginia in the beginning of June, 1862. As they contradict previous statements of mine, I beg leave to point them out. In the statement of the strength of Holmes' division, at least 4,000 brought by him to the army from Petersburg, June 1st, are omitted; only those brought at the end of the month are referred to—they may have been 6,500.

In that of Longstreet's, the strength was near 14,000, June 1st. The six brigades that *then* joined it had been reduced to 9,000 when they marched, late in August, to Northern Virginia. The cavalry

could not have exceeded 3,000, nor the reserve artillery 1,000, June 1st.

G. W. Smith's division of five brigades amounted to near 13,000, June 1st; only two of these brigades, guessed by the author to number 5,300, are mentioned, under Whiting, as belonging to Jackson's command. Jackson's and Ewell's divisions are set down at 9,000. General Ewell, with whom I had repeated conversations on the subject, told me that he had in his 8,000 men. General Jackson had a brigade more, and at the first of the year amounted to 10,200.

General Lawton had about 3,500 men at Cold Harbor, but (*he still says*) brought 6,000 into the army, many being left behind in Jackson's march—as rapid as usual—and they unaccustomed to marching, having served only in garrison.

General Ripley's troops are also omitted. He reported to the Adjutant-General of the army, the afternoon of May 31st, his arrival in Richmond with 5,000 men to join it.

The author gives our loss at "Seven Pines," on the Williamsburg road, at above 4,800. General Longstreet, in his official report, dated June 11th, when, if ever, the number of killed and wounded must have been known, gives it roughly at 3,000. General D. H. Hill, whose division did all the fighting on that road from three o'clock (when it began) to six, and four-fifths of it from six to seven, when it ended, set his down at 2,500—leaving 500 for that of R. H. Anderson, who came into the first line at six, on the 31st, and Pickett's, and part (two regiments) of Pryor's, June 31st, which is consistent. According to the writer, two brigades and a half in two hours lost about as heavily as four in four hours of harder fighting.

Very truly yours,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

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A Correction.

SELMA, ALA., March 11th, 1875.

DR. J. WM. JONES,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va. :*

Dear Sir—I wish to correct my narrative of the services of the Ironclad "Virginia," in which the Teaser, Beaufort and Raleigh are called "*tugs*." In the fight they did good service as "gunboats," and should have been so designated. The Beaufort had a con-

verted, single-banded rifle gun, 32-pound calibre, and a 24-pound carronade. The Teaser and Raleigh were, I think, similarly armed.

Please annex this to my narrative, and you will oblige,

Your obedient servant,

CATESBY AP. R. JONES.

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*Capture of the Indianola.*

REV. JOHN WILLIAM JONES,

*Secretary of the Southern Historical Society :*

Sir—The last September number of the Southern Magazine contained an article in relation to the capture of the Federal ironclad *Indianola*. The article, in the absence of other information, draws its narrative principally from letters published in the Northern press during the war. It would manifestly be unjust to the officers and men who effected the capture to allow the facts stated in the article to remain the only record in the archives of the Historical Society. I deem it proper, therefore, to vindicate the truth of history by transmitting to you the order of General Taylor organizing the expedition, the official report of the engagement with and capture of the *Indianola*, which report, I believe, has never yet been published.

For the better understanding of the report, it is well to briefly describe the Confederate Rams that effected the capture.

The *Webb* was an ordinary tow-boat, engaged before the war in towing and piloting vessels in and out the Mississippi, and in no way materially changed or strengthened, though braced by cross pieces of timber. A row of cotton bales extended in front of her machinery, leaving its sides and rear entirely bare. The armament consisted of a rifled and banded 32-pounder, mounted on the bow, without any semblance of protection, and of two brass six-pound guns, and she was manned by about 70 artillerists and sharpshooters. There was no cover or protection for the men.

The "Queen of the West" was an ordinary steamboat of the Western rivers, built for peaceful purposes ten years before the war, and converted by the Federals into a ram.

A wooden frame was built around her machinery to enclose it, and outside of this frame two tiers of cotton bales extended from

the main deck to the cabin deck—but this arrangement was so defective, that it was unable to protect the machinery from the fire of a smooth-bore 32-pound gun, which, at the distance of over 1,200 yards, disabled her machinery, and thereby effected her capture by the Confederates when she ascended Red river and came under the fire of Fort DeRussey.

The armament of the *Queen* in her engagement with the *Indianola* consisted of only what was captured with her, and was composed of a 30-pounder Parrot gun mounted on her bow, and utterly unprotected, and a 20-pounder Parrot gun and three 12-pounder Howitzers on her cabin deck.

Around these latter guns was a wall composed of 3-inch plank, which, while merely affording a screen, became a source of increased hazard and peril when exposed to artillery fire. She was manned with about eighty artillerists and sharpshooters.

In the beginning of 1863 the Federal forces held the whole of the Mississippi river, except that portion lying between Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

It was essential for the Confederates to retain, as long as possible, this small link, as it served as the only connection between the Trans-Mississippi and the East.

If this narrow section of the river were lost, Texas, West Louisiana and Arkansas would be practically severed from the Confederacy, and Vicksburg and Port Hudson shut off from the supplies of provisions then much needed, while the constant stream of cattle which were being driven in thousands from Texas, and crossed over the river near Red river to supply the Western armies, would be interrupted and destroyed.

Major-General Richard Taylor, then commanding the Western District of Louisiana, fully appreciated the vital importance of maintaining his connection with the East of the river, and when in the beginning of February, 1863, he learned that the *Queen* of the West had run past our batteries at Vicksburg, he ordered one or two steamboats then on Red river to be prepared to pursue her, but it chanced that the *Queen* ascended Red river, and engaged his batteries at Fort DeRussey, and was captured. The *Queen* was immediately brought to Alexandria, and while she was being repaired, information reached General Taylor that the *Indianola* had run past the Vicksburg batteries, and the control of the river was again wrested from us.

General Taylor, whose marvellous energy is well known to all

who ever served under him, pushed the repairs on the *Queen* with all the means at his command. Great wood fires were lighted on the shore, and the work continued day and night, and when, on the 19th February, the *Queen* left Alexandria, work was still going on, and mechanics were carried down to complete her while steaming towards the enemy.

The capture of the *Indianola* restored to the Confederates for several weeks the command of the Mississippi river between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and General Taylor was able to forward immense supplies to Port Hudson and Vicksburg, which enabled the defence of these strongholds to be protracted.

But in the spring, Admiral Farragut came up from the Gulf, and gave his hand to Admiral Porter, and the great river passed from the power of the Confederates.

Yours, respectfully,

J. L. BRENT.

Ashland, La. (New River P. O.), March 31, 1875.

(Copy.)

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WESTERN LOUISIANA, }  
Alexandria, February 19, 1863. }

(Extract.)

SPECIAL ORDERS, }  
No. 49. }

\* \* \* \* \*

III. Major J. L. Brent will take supreme command of the two gunboats, the *Queen of the West*, Captain James McCloskey commanding, and the *Webb*, Captain Pierce.

He will apply to Major W. M. Levy, commanding post at Fort DeRussey, for such aid and assistance as he may require for fitting out the expedition in the shortest possible space of time, which will be rendered by Major Levy to the extent of his means.

So soon as the boats shall be ready for service, Major Brent will proceed down Red river, taking with him the steamer *Grand Duke*, if deemed advisable, and into the Mississippi in search of the enemy's Gunboat.

In the event of her capture or destruction, Major Brent will act in accordance with the verbal instructions of the Major-General Commanding, or in such other manner as circumstances may direct.

By command of Major-General Taylor.

E. SURGET, A. A. General.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. TAYLOR'S GUNBOAT EXPEDITION,  
*C. S. Webb, thirty miles below Vicksburg,*  
*Off Prize Ironclad Indianola,*  
 February 25th, 1863. }

MAJ. E. SURGET, A. A. Gen.:

Major—My last dispatch to you, exclusive of the telegram sent you last night, was from Natchez. The Federal ironclad *Indianola* had forty-eight hours start of us at Acklin's Landing; at Natchez she was less than twenty-five hours in advance. We left Natchez on the evening of the 23d instant, and I found that we could easily overhaul her on the morning of the 24th, but I determined not to do so, in order that I might bring the enemy to an engagement only at night, considering, for many reasons, that this time was most advantageous to us.

We reached Grand Gulf before sunset, and there learned that the enemy was only about four hours in advance of us. As we were running more than two miles to his one, the time required to overtake him could be easily calculated, and I determined to overtake and bring him to action early in the night.

We came up with the *Indianola* about 9.40 last night, just above New Carthage, near the foot of Palmyra island, and I immediately signalled the *Webb* to prepare for action.

Our order of approach was as follows: The *Queen of the West* about 500 yards in advance of the *Webb*, and the *Batey*, Lieutenant-Colonel Brand commanding (who I wrote you joined us with a force and steamer fitted out at Port Hudson), over two miles in the rear, and lashed to my tender the *Grand Era*.

The moon was partially obscured by a veil of clouds, and gave and permitted just sufficient light for us to see where to strike with our rams, and just sufficient obscurity to render uncertain the aim of the formidable artillery of the enemy.

We first discovered him when about 1,000 yards distant, hugging the western bank of the Mississippi, with his head quartering across and down the river.

Not an indication of life appeared as we dashed on towards him, his lights obscured, and his machinery apparently without motion.

We had also covered our lights, and only the fires of the *Era* could be seen, two miles back, where she was towing the *Batey*.

The distance between him and the *Queen* had diminished to about 500 yards, when, for the first time, we could clearly distinguish the long black line of the two coal barges which protected his sides from forward of his bow to nearly abreast his wheels.

The impatient desire of our men to open fire could be scarcely restrained, but I would not allow it, as the vast importance of traversing the distance to be passed over without drawing the fire of his powerful guns was too apparent. At last, when within about 100 yards, I authorized Captain McCloskey to open fire, which he accordingly did with his two Parrot guns and one Cross



12-pounder; but at the second round the 20-pounder Parrot was disabled by blowing out its vent-piece.

Our intention was to dash our bow near the enemy's wheel-house, just in rear of the coal barge, but when about fifty yards distant he backed and interposed the barge between us and him. Our bow went crushing clear through the barge heavily loaded with coal, and was not arrested until it struck with a violent shock, and scattered some of his timbers amidship, deeply indenting the iron plating of his hull.

So tremendous had been the momentum of our attack, made under full pressure of steam, that some minutes we could not disengage ourselves, but remained with our bows against the sides of the *Indianola*, held fast by the pressure of the coal and barge through which we had cruised. In this position, our sharp-shooters kept up fire, sweeping the deck of the enemy, who feebly answered.

After a brief interval, one end of the coal barge sank, and the other drifted down the current; and the *Queen*, finding herself free, immediately rounded up stream to add to her next charge the additional power obtainable from the descending current of the river. Just then the *Webb* came dashing by us, and plunged into the *Indianola* with great force just in rear, or on the turn of her bow.

Some of the iron plating was loosened, but this blow of the *Webb* produced no serious external injury, though prisoners since report that it disabled the left-hand engine.

As the *Webb* approached on this her first charge, the two 11-inch Dahlgreen guns, in the forward case-mate of the enemy, opened on her at seventy-five yards distant, but fortunately she was untouched.

The vigor of the *Webb's* onset forced the enemy around, and carrying her forward laid her across and in actual contact with these monitor guns, if run out in battery. Dashing safely around from this perilous position, the *Webb* swung across the bow and on to the starboard side of the enemy, getting between him and his remaining coal barge, breaking its fastenings and setting it adrift.

The result of our first onset was to strip the *Indianola* of the two coal barges which protected her sides, and to injure her to some extent in her wheel, which was apparent from the subsequent want of rapidity and precision in her movements.

As soon as the *Webb* swept away clear of the enemy, the *Queen* swung around, and again dashed upon him, who this time, with partial success, endeavored to break the force of the onset by presenting his bow to our blow. But his movements were too torpid, and not entirely successful, which tends to confirm the belief that his machinery was injured by the first blow.

The *Queen* struck a little forward of midships, but, as he was turning, the force of the blow glanced along his side and passed his wheel-house.

Just as the *Queen* swung clear of his stern, he opened upon us with two 9-inch guns in his after iron casemate at so near a range

that the flames of the guns almost touched us—their heat being felt.

One shot struck the *Queen* on her starboard shoulder, and knocked away ten or twelve bales of cotton, causing us to list over, and then a shell entered under our front port-hole, on the port side, struck the chase of a brass 12-pounder gun and exploded, killing two men, wounding four, and disabling two pieces.

This time the *Queen* swung around rapidly up stream, and in a very brief interval, dashed on the enemy for the third time, striking a little to the rear of his starboard wheel-house, crashing through and shattering his frame work, and loosening some of his iron plates. By this time the *Webb* had run up stream, making a wide circuit, had turned and, for her second onset, came charging on with a full head of steam just as the *Queen* had rounded out after her third blow, and striking the enemy very nearly in the same place where the *Queen* had just before hit him.

Through and through his timbers, crushing and dashing aside his iron plates, the sharp bow of the *Webb* penetrated as if it were going to pass entirely through the ship. As the *Webb* backed clear, the *Indianola*, with all the speed she could raise, declined further fight, and ran down the river towards the western bank, with the intention, as afterwards appeared, of getting a line out on shore, in order that the officers and crew might land and abandon their steamer. In fact, a line was got out on shore, but not fastened, and three of the crew effected their escape, but were captured to-day by the cavalry of Major Harrison.

After the *Queen* had struck the enemy for the third time, she was for some time almost unmanageable—she had listed so much over on the port side that one of her wheels was raised nearly out of the water. She was making water, and presented every appearance of sinking.

Captain McCloskey righted her a little by throwing over cotton from his upper decks.

He was able to bring her around very slowly, but still this gallant commander succeeded in weaning her with difficulty, and headed her for her fourth charge.

Whilst the *Webb* had her bow knocked off to within fourteen inches of the water line, her splendid machinery was unhurt, and she quickly and gallantly bore up for her third charge, when bearing down and approaching the enemy, Captain Pierce reports that he was hailed from the enemy's deck, announcing his surrender, and begging to be towed ashore, as he was sinking. Captain Pierce further represents that he then placed a line on board and commenced towing the *Indianola*, when the line parted.

As the *Queen of the West* was running off from her last charge, making a circuit to obtain room and space to add increased momentum to her onset, we encountered the steamer *Batey*, Lieutenant-Colonel Brand commanding, who had cast off from the tender *Grand Era*, and was hovering around to enter the fight when an opportunity offered.

The *Batey* is a frail steamboat, with but little power, and incapable of being used as a ram. She was crowded with two hundred and fifty gallant volunteers from the forces at Port Hudson, who had embarked in the *Batey* with the resolution to fight the enemy by boarding him. We called out to them that the opportunity for boarding had arrived, as it was apparent the enemy was disabled and much demoralized.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brand with his command gallantly bore away, approached the enemy after the line from the *Webb* had parted, and gave, as I am informed by him, the command, "prepare to board," when he was greeted by a voice from the *Indianola*, announcing her surrender, and that she was in a sinking condition.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brand then boarded her upper deck, and received the sword of the Federal commander, Lieutenant Brown. This result must have been very gratifying to Colonel Brand, as it was obtained without the loss or injury of a single man of his command.

Upon my reaching the deck of the *Indianola*, Lieutenant-Colonel Brand most handsomely acknowledged that the capture was entirely due to the *Queen of the West* and to the *Webb*, and he has so officially reported.

I have no doubt, if it had been necessary, that Colonel Brand and his gallant command would have again demonstrated that nothing can resist the desperation of troops who regard not their own lives, but victory.

Upon taking possession, I immediately appointed Lieutenant Thomas H. Hardy prize-master.

We found our prize a most formidable gunboat, mounting two 11-inch guns forward, and two 9-inch guns aft, all protected by thick iron casemates utterly impenetrable to our artillery, even at the very shortest range. The motive power consisted of side wheels and two propellers. She was filled with a valuable cargo, embracing supplies, stores, etc. The officers and crew, amounting to over one hundred, fell into our hands as prisoners. Nothing shows more clearly how well was she protected than the fact that our artillery, though frequently fired at the range of twenty and thirty yards, utterly failed to injure her. Lieutenant Handy, of the *Webb*, fired an 80-pound shell from his rifled and banded 32-pound gun so close to the forward casemate of the enemy that it actually enveloped his port-holes in flames, and yet no injury was sustained by the casemate.

Our sharpshooters deliberately and coolly fired at every onset.

Notwithstanding all these circumstances, the enemy lost but one man killed and none wounded. The *Webb* had one man wounded, and the *Queen* two killed and four wounded.

The fire of the enemy was terrific, and delivered at short range mostly. His huge shot and shell were directed a little wide of the mark, except the two shot that struck the *Queen*, and one shot that passed through the bulwarks of the *Webb*. This was re-

markable, as he frequently fired at such close range that the flames of his enormous guns almost enveloped our bows.

The escape from destruction of the feeble crafts, that were five times precipitated upon the iron sides of this powerful war-steamer, mounting an armament of 9 and 11-inch guns, was providential.

On taking possession, we found our prize rapidly making water, which we could not arrest. Seeing that she would sink, I did not wish that this should take place on the western side of the river, where the Federal forces could easily have retaken her, and therefore made fast to her with two of my steamers, and towed her over the river to the eastern side, where she sunk in the water up to her gun-deck, just as we reached the shallow water, thus losing us the enormous value of her capture, as well as the valuable stores that were in her hold.

I am much indebted for the success of this expedition to the skill and gallantry of my officers and men. Captain James McCloskey, commanding the *Queen*, combined with the courage of the soldier, the skill and aptitude that characterizes the sailor of our western waters. Lieutenant Thomas H. Handy, of the Crescent Artillery, commanded the troops on the *Webb*. He exhibited skill and courage in handling his command, and in person assisted in manning the 32-pound rifled gun. Lieutenant Rice, of the Twenty-first Tennessee, was on the *Webb* with a detachment from his regiment, and bore himself well and gallantly. Lieutenant Prather, also on the *Webb*, served his two field pieces entirely unprotected with praiseworthy courage, and was well seconded by Mr. Charles Schuler, acting as chief of one of the guns.

Captain Charles Pierce, a civilian, commanded and controlled the movements of the *Webb*. It was he who selected the weak spots of the enemy, and with a steady hand and eye dashed the *Webb* against the *Indianola*.

Not only did the officers act well, but I have nothing but commendations for the private soldiers.

Captain Caines' and Lieutenant Rice's company, of the Twenty-first Tennessee, and the detachment of Lieutenant Doolan, adjutant of Major Burnett's battalion of Texans, and detachment from the Third Maryland Artillery, were in the expedition, and acted with courage and discipline when under fire.

Captain J. W. Mangum, Assistant-Adjutant General of Brigadier-General Moore, accompanied the expedition as a volunteer and acted as my adjutant. He comported himself gallantly under fire; and throughout the expedition rendered me valuable services.

I herewith submit the report of Captain McCloskey, commanding the *Queen*. He mentions favorably Captain Caines and Lieutenant Miller of the Twenty-first Tennessee, Lieutenant Doolan, adjutant of Major Burnett's battalion, Sergeant E. H. Langley of the Third Maryland Artillery, acting as lieutenant in charge of the two Parrot guns; and the volunteers, Captain J. H. White, slightly

wounded, acting with efficiency as ordnance officer; Captain Tank and Lieutenants Fisk and Stanmeyer both wounded, and Lieutenant R. R. Hyams, who, as quartermaster and commissary, exhibited much energy. As I was on board the *Queen* during the action, the conduct of the officers and men was under my own eye, and I cheerfully endorse the commendation of Captain McCloskey. He also speaks highly of the intrepid promptness and skill of his pilots and engineers, and of the conduct of Assistant Surgeon Blanchard, who manifested much care and coolness, coming on the gun-deck in the midst of the action and personally supervising the removal of the wounded.

Sergeant Magruder, of the signal corps, also deserves mention for having rendered very important services in the discharge of the responsible duties devolved upon him.

Captain Pierce, of the *Webb*, verbally reports to me that his pilots and engineers behaved themselves with coolness and bravery, and discharged their duties with promptness and energy.

I have no doubt that this is correct, from the skilful and efficient manner in which his boat was handled.

This report is dated from the *Webb*, as I have dispatched the *Queen*, Captain McCloskey, to Warrenton, and if possible to Vicksburg.

I am, Major, yours respectfully,

J. L. BRENT,  
*Major Commanding.*

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**Speech of General Fitz. Lee, at A. N. V. Banquet, October 28th, 1875.**

After speaking in general terms to the sentiment of the toast to the cavalry, General Lee delivered the following beautiful tribute to his old commander, General J. E. B. Stuart:

Brother Confederates—I hope I may receive your pardon if I occupy a brief portion of your time in talking to you of the Chief of Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, for my thoughts just now go out, in the language of General Johnston, to the “Indefatigable Stuart.”

To-day, comrades, I visited his grave. He sleeps his last sleep upon a little hillside in Hollywood, in so quiet, secluded a spot that I felt indeed that no sound “could awake him to glory again.” A simple wooden slab marks the spot, upon which is inscribed—“*General Stuart, wounded May 11th, 1864; died May 12th, 1864.*” And there rests poor J. E. B. Stuart.

It was in 1852 I first knew him, the date of my entry as a cadet in the United States Military Academy—twenty-three years ago. Having entered West Point two years before, he was a second-class-

man at the time—a classmate of Custis Lee's, Pegram's, and Pender's. "Beauty Stuart" he was then universally called, for however manly and soldierly in appearance he afterwards grew, in those days his comrades bestowed that appellation upon him to express their idea of his personal comeliness in inverse ratio to the term employed.

In that year, I recollect, he was orderly sergeant of his company, and in his first-class year its cadet captain.

I recall his distinguishing characteristics, which were a strict attention to his military duties, an erect, soldierly bearing, an immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge from any cadet to fight, who might in any way feel himself aggrieved, and a clear, metallic, ringing voice.

I can well remember, when a cadet there and in the next company to his in the line at parade, always listening with eagerness to hear him bring his company to "order-arms, parade rest,"—there was so much music in his voice; and even as I speak here I fancy I can almost hear it once more, sounding like the silver trumpet of the Archangel.

Little, gentlemen, did I imagine then that I would hear that same voice so often above the roar of battle and trampling of steeds upon so many hard fought fields—still delightfully musical, calm and clear as of old—only, perhaps, a little more powerful.

After his graduation, I never saw him again until the commencement of the late war. He was assigned to the First United States Cavalry, whose Colonel was Sumner, and whose Lieutenant-Colonel was Joseph E. Johnston. Two years later, when I graduated, I was put in the Second Cavalry, serving in Texas. My Colonel was Albert Sidney Johnson; the Lieutenant-Colonel was R. E. Lee; the Majors were Hardee, and George H. Thomas, and the two senior Captains Van Dorn, and Kirby Smith.

Stuart served with much distinction as a United States officer; had plenty of roving, riding, and fighting Indians.

When John Brown's troops were marching on and took possession of the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, Stuart was in or near Washington on leave of absence, but he immediately volunteered for the occasion, and accompanied the then Colonel R. E. Lee as his aid to that place. He it was who, at great personal risk, carried the summons to surrender to Brown, and afterwards united in the charge the marines under Green made there when battering down the door, and largely contributed to end forever the career of



the "messenger and prophet," as some at the North delighted to call him.

J. E. B. Stuart's duties began in the late war in the Valley of Virginia, as a Lieutenant-Colonel of cavalry under General Johnston, when he was confronting Patterson, and after that his person, his prowess, his daring, his dash, his gay humor, his great services, are as familiar as "household words" to all of us. Many within the sound of my voice recall him then. His strong figure, his big brown beard, his piercing, laughing blue eye, the drooping hat and black feather, the "fighting jacket," as he termed it, the tall cavalry boots, the high health and exuberant vitality, forming one of the most jubilant and striking figures in the war, which cannot easily be forgotten.

It was after the first battle of Manassas that my personal intercourse with him began. I, in turn, as he was promoted, commanded his old regiment, his old brigade and his old division—being one step behind him—and feel that, perhaps, I have a right to speak of him. Can I, or any one else, do justice to his many exploits as commander of the cavalry of the historic "Army of Northern Virginia"?

Is it necessary to tell you that his ride around McClellan's army, on the Richmond lines, was not undertaken to gain eclat by the popular applause it might bring him, but it was made to locate the flanks of the Federal army—to blaze the way for the great Stonewall Jackson, whose memory has been so vividly recalled to us, and whom General Lee was planning to bring down upon the right and rear of McClellan, and wanted to know where it was located. I commanded a regiment upon that expedition, and know that after Stuart found himself in rear of the Federal right, his own grand genius taught him to make the circuit—the entire circuit of the Federal army—as the easiest way to avoid the dispositions that were being made to cut him off, should he return the way he marched.

Must I tell you of his trip to Catlett's, in Pope's rear, or of his second ride around the same McClellan, and of his ride from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to Leesburg, Virginia, a distance of ninety miles, in thirty-six hours—a march that has no equal in point of rapidity in the records of the war? Of his behavior upon the right of Jackson at Fredericksburg? Of Chancellorsville, where an eye-witness asserts that he could not get rid of the idea that "Harry of Navarre" was present, except that Stuart's plume was

black; for everywhere, like "Navarre," he was in front, and the men "followed the feather"? And where, riding at the head of and in command of Jackson's veterans, his ringing voice could be heard high, high above the thunder of artillery and the ceaseless roar of musketry, singing "Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out the wilderness"? Of the 9th of June, at Beverly's Ford; of Brandy Station; of Gettysburg; of his action during the memorable early days of May, 1864; of his last official dispatch, dated May 11, 1864, 6.30 A. M., where he was fighting against the immense odds of Sheridan, preventing them from occupying this city, and where he said, "My men and horses are tired, hungry and jaded, but all right"? Of "Yellow Tavern," fought six miles from here, where his mortal wound was received, given when he was so close to the line of the enemy that he was firing his pistol at them? His voice—I can even now hear—after the fatal shot was fired, as he called out to me as I rode up to him, "Go ahead, Fitz, old fellow, I know you will do what is right," and constitutes my most precious legacy.

Shall I tell you when he was on the Rappahannock, and they telegraphed him his child was dying—his darling little Flora—that he replied that "I shall have to leave my child in the hands of God; my duty to my country requires me here"?

Comrades, here in the city of Richmond, and for whose defence he fell, his pure spirit winged its way to heaven. Faith, which overcomes all things, was in his heart. Right here, he who on the battle-field was more fiery than even "Rupert of the bloody sword," quietly lay awaiting the summons of the angel of death. The bright blue eye, that always beamed with laughter, now looked into the very face of death without a quiver of the lid. About noon of the day of his death, President Davis visited his bedside, and in reply to his question as to how he felt, the dying hero answered, "Easy, but willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty," showing that beneath the gay manners of the cavalier there was a deep, divine and religious sentiment that shone forth, illuminating the hero's character and giving dignity to the last moments of his life.

"Sing," said he to the Rev. Dr. Peterkin, the very worthy-pastor of St. James church in this city, "Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee," and the fast sinking soldier joined in with all the strength his failing power permitted. He then prayed with the friends around, and with the words "I am going fast now, I

am resigned, God's will be done," the great, grand cavalry leader furled his battle-flag forever.

Gentlemen, my object in all this is to bring you to the simple grave upon the hillside in beautiful Hollywood that I saw to-day, and to ask you if the Pantheon of Virginia's heart can be complete until it contains the image of this, one of her most gracious cavaliers?

The city of Richmond, saved by the fight at "Yellow Tavern" from capture, pledged itself to erect a monument to this hero, and I hope the day is not far distant when she will be able to redeem so sacred an obligation.

Soldiers! from the depths of my heart I rejoice to have witnessed the splendid tribute that has reached us from across the ocean to the memory of the immortal Jackson. I feel a natural pride in the knowledge that the day is close at hand when the capital of the State can boast of an equestrian statue to the great Confederate commander-in-chief; and after that, may I not express the fond hope that the memory of his trusted and chosen commander of cavalry will also be transmitted to posterity in a statue that will not only be an ornament to the city, but around which we all can unite in paying a true tribute to the virtues of the hero to whose name and fame it will forever stand in lofty and lasting attestation?

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**Seacoast Defences of South Carolina and Georgia.**

By General A. L. LONG, Chief of Artillery.

The seacoast defences occupied the attention of the Confederate Government as soon as it became apparent that the war was inevitable. The line of coast extending from the entrance of the Chesapeake bay to the mouth of the Rio Grande presented innumerable bays, inlets and harbors, into which vessels could run either for predatory excursions or with the intention of actual invasion. The Federals having the command of the sea, it was certain that they would take advantage of this open condition of the coast to employ their naval force as soon as it could be collected, not only to enforce the blockade which had been declared, but also for making inroads along our unprotected coast.

That the system of defence adopted may be understood, I will describe a little in detail the topography of the coast. On the coast of North Carolina are Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, pene-

trating far into the interior; then the Cape Fear river, connecting with the ocean by two channels, the southwest channel being defended by a small inclosed fort and a water battery. On the coast of South Carolina are Georgetown and Charleston harbors. A succession of islands extends along the coast of South Carolina and Georgia, separated from the main land by a channel, which is navigable for vessels of moderate draft from Charleston to Ferrandina, Florida. There are fewer assailable points on the Gulf than on the Atlantic. Pensacola, Mobile, and the mouth of the Mississippi, were defended by works that had hitherto been regarded as sufficiently strong to repulse any naval attack that might be made upon them. Immediately after the bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter, the work of seacoast defence was begun and carried forward as rapidly as the limited means of the Confederacy would permit. Roanoke island and other points on Albemarle and Pamlico sounds were fortified. Batteries were established on the southeast entrance of Cape Fear river, and the works on the southwest entrance of that river were strengthened. Defences were constructed at Georgetown, and at all assailable points on the northeast coast of South Carolina. The works of Charleston harbor were greatly strengthened by earth works and floating batteries. The defences from Charleston down the coast of South Carolina and Georgia were confined chiefly to the islands and salient points bearing upon the channels leading inland. Defensive works were erected at all important points along the coast. Many of the defences, being injudiciously located and hastily erected, offered but little resistance to the enemy when attacked. These defects were not surprising, when we take into consideration the inexperience of the engineers, and the long line of sea coast to be defended. As soon as a sufficient naval force had been collected, an expedition, under the command of General Butler, was sent to the coast of North Carolina, and captured several important points. A second expedition, under Admiral Dupont and General Sherman, was sent to make a descent on the coast of South Carolina. On the 27th of November, Dupont attacked the batteries that were designed to defend Port Royal harbor, and almost without resistance carried them and gained possession of Port Royal. This is the best harbor in South Carolina, and is the strategic key to all the south Atlantic coast. Later, Burnside captured Roanoke island, and established himself in eastern North Carolina without resistance. The rapid fall of Roanoke island and Port Royal struck consternation into the hearts

of the inhabitants along the entire coast. The capture of Port Royal gave the Federals the entire possession of Beaufort island, which afforded a secure place of rest for the army, while the harbor gave a safe anchorage for the fleet. Beaufort island almost fills a deep indenture in the mainshore, being separated the greater part of its extent by a narrow channel, which is navigable its entire circuit. Its northern extremity extends to within a few miles of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. The main road from Port Royal to Pocotaligo crosses the channel at this point. The evacuation of Hilton Head, on the southwestern extremity of Beaufort island, followed the capture of Port Royal. This exposed Savannah, only about twenty-five miles distant, to an attack from that direction. At the same time, the Federals having command of Helena bay, Charleston was liable to be assailed from north Edisto or Stono inlet, and the railroad could have been reached without opposition by the road from Port Royal to Pocotaligo.

Such was the state of affairs when General Lee reached Charleston, about the 1st of December, 1861, to assume the command of the departments of North Carolina, Georgia and Florida. His vigorous mind at once comprehended the situation, and with his accustomed energy he met the difficulties that presented themselves. Directing fortifications to be constructed on the Stono and the Edisto and the Combahee, he fixed his headquarters at Coosawhatchie, the point most threatened, and directed defences to be erected opposite Hilton Head, and on the Broad and Salteatchie, to cover Savannah. These were the points requiring immediate attention. He superintended in person the works overlooking the approach to the railroad from Port Royal, and soon infused into his troops a part of his own energy. The works he had planned rose with magical rapidity. A few days after his arrival at Coosawhatchie, Dupont and Sherman sent their first reconnoissance in that direction, which was met and repulsed by shot from the newly erected batteries, and now, whether the Federals advanced towards the railroad or turned in the direction of Charleston or Savannah, they were arrested by the Confederate batteries. The people seeing the Federals repulsed at every point, regained their confidence, and with it their energy.

Having received orders to report to General Lee, I joined him in December, a few days after he had assumed command of the Department, and was assigned the duty of Chief of Artillery and Ordnance.

The most important points being now secured against immediate attack, the General proceeded to organize a system of seacoast defence different from that which had previously been adopted. He withdrew the troops and material from those works which had been established on the islands, and salient points which he could not defend, to a strong interior line, where the effect of the Federal naval force would be neutralized. After a careful reconnoissance of the coast, he designated such points as he considered it necessary to fortify. The most important positions on this extensive line were Georgetown, Charleston, Pocotaligo, Coosawhatchie and Savannah. Coosawhatchie being central, could communicate with either Charleston or Savannah in two or three hours by railroad; so in case of an attack, they could support each other. The positions between Coosawhatchie and Savannah, and those between Charleston and Coosawhatchie, could be reinforced from the positions contiguous to them. There was thus a defensive relation throughout the entire line.

At this time there was great want of guns suitable for seacoast defence. Those in use had been on the coast for more than thirty years, and were of too light a calibre to cope with the powerful ordnance that had been introduced into the Federal navy. It was, therefore, desirable to arm the batteries now constructed with heavy guns. The Ordnance Department being prepared to cast guns of the heaviest calibre, requisitions were made for eight and ten-inch columbiads for the batteries bearing on the channels that would be entered by gunboats. The heavy smooth bore guns were preferred to the rifle cannons for fixed batteries, as experiments had shown that the crushing effect of the solid round shot was more destructive than the small breach and deeper penetration of the rifle bolts. The difference of range was not important, as beyond a certain distance the aim could not be accurate. By the last of December many batteries had been completed, and other works were being rapidly constructed. When the new year of 1862 opened, there was a greater feeling of security among the people of South Carolina and Georgia than had been felt for several months.

The information received from every quarter led to the belief that the Federal Government was making preparations for a powerful attack upon either Charleston or Savannah. In anticipation of this attack, every effort was made to strengthen these places. General Ripley, who commanded at Charleston, and General Lawton, the commander at Savannah, ably seconded General Lee

in the execution of his plans, while Generals Evans, Drayton and Mercer assisted him at other points. The Ordnance Department, under the direction of its energetic chief, Colonel Gorgas, filled with wonderful promptitude the various demands made upon it. This greatly facilitated the completion of the defences.

The Federal troops on Beaufort island were inactive during the months of December, January and February, and the fleet was in the offing, blockading Charleston and Savannah. About the first of March, the Federal gunboats entered the Savannah river by way of the channel leading from Hilton Head. The small Confederate fleet was too weak to engage them, so they retained undisputed possession of the river. They then established batteries to intercept the communication between Fort Pulaski and the city of Savannah. This fort commands the entrance to the Savannah river, twelve miles below the city.

A few days after getting possession of the river, the Federals landed a force under General Gilmore on the opposite side of the fort. General Gilmore, having completed his batteries, opened fire about the first of April. Having no hope of succor, Fort Pulaski, after striking a blow for honor, surrendered with about five hundred men.

General Lee received an order about the middle of March, assigning him to duty in Richmond, in obedience to which he soon after repaired to that place. The works that he had so skilfully planned were now near completion. In three months he had established a line of defence from Wingaw bay, on the northeast coast of South Carolina, to the mouth of Saint Mary's river in Georgia—a distance of more than two hundred miles. This line not only served for a present defence, but offered an impenetrable barrier to the combined Federal forces operating on the coast, until they were carried by General Sherman in his unopposed march through Georgia and South Carolina, near the close of the war.

That the importance of these works may be properly understood, it will be necessary to know what they accomplished. In the first place, they protected the most important agricultural section of the Confederacy from the incursions of the enemy, and covered the most important line of communication between the Mississippi and the Potomac. Besides these material advantages, it produced great moral effect in giving the inhabitants of the Southern States a feeling of security and confidence.

We perceive in this campaign of General Lee in Georgia and South Carolina results achieved by a single genius equal to those which could have been accomplished by an incalculable force.



## Editorial Paragraphs.

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### Our Papers.

The enterprise of doing our own publishing, which was begun in January with some misgivings as to the result, has excited a most gratifying interest, and received such *substantial* aid that it may now be announced that it is *an assured success*.

The press all through the South has teemed with kindly notices of the PAPERS, and of the Society; the secretary has received a large number of private letters from leading Confederates warmly endorsing our plan, and subscriptions and renewal fees have flowed in so steadily as to insure the pecuniary success of the enterprise.

If our friends everywhere will exert themselves a little to send us new subscribers, or advertisements for our advertising pages, we will be able, not only to meet the expenses of publication, but also to have the necessary means of carrying out other important plans for the prosecution of our work.

We add sixteen pages to the size of our PAPERS this issue, and expect still further to increase the number of the pages as our subscription list may justify.

As to the *character* of the PAPERS, it may be well to say that they will be strictly Historical. We shall publish nothing that does not bear directly on the War between the States, and a proper understanding of the measures, men and deeds of those stirring times. A large part of our space will be devoted to official reports, and our pages will contain a number of important ones which have never been published. But at the same time each number will contain something of *popular* as well as historic interest.

In a word, we propose to issue a Monthly which will at the same time interest the general reader, and be of value to the future historian.

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### Kindness of the Press.

It would occupy more space than we could command to mention even the names of the newspapers which have contained kindly notices of our first number, and we, therefore, simply take off our editorial hat, and thank them all.

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### Canvassers Wanted.

We are very anxious to secure in every section reliable, energetic men (or women) to canvass for members of the Society, and subscribers to our PAPERS. We can pay to such a liberal commission, and would be obliged if our friends would seek out suitable agents, and recommend them to us.

### Our Terms.

The number of letters of inquiry daily received makes it necessary for us to state distinctly again our terms of subscription. The payment of \$50 entitles one to become a **LIFE MEMBER**, and to receive for life (without further fees) all of the publications of the Society.

The payment of \$3 entitles one to become an **ANNUAL MEMBER** of the Society, and to receive for twelve months our **MONTHLY PAPERS**, and any other publications which the Society may issue during the year.

Those who are not entitled to become *Members of the Society*, or who do not prefer to do so, can become subscribers to our **MONTHLY PAPERS** by paying \$3 per annum.

Payments must be made invariably in advance.

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### Advertisements.

We hope that our friends will aid us in securing advertisements, such as are suitable to our columns. Our issues go into every section of the country, and among the very best classes of our people, and we believe that we present an admirable medium of advertising.

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### The Society's Responsibility for what we Publish.

There are, of course, differences of opinion among prominent actors in the Confederate struggle as to many of the events, and we are liable to make publications which will arouse these differences. It should be understood that the Executive Committee are not to be considered as endorsing, and the Society is not to be held responsible for everything which we publish.

Indeed, we may sometimes publish what we differ from, on the principle that if errors endorsed by responsible names creep into our archives, they had better be published now while men competent to correct them are living, than to turn up in future years when probably no one will be able to refute them.

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### Our Next (March) Number.

The recent attempt of Mr. Blaine to "fire the Northern heart," by reviving the stories of "Rebel barbarity" to prisoners of war, and the eagerness with which the Radical press of the North caught up the old charge, and are still echoing it through the land, have made us feel that the time has come when this question of the *treatment of prisoners* during the late war should be fully ventilated, and our Confederate Government and people put right on the record concerning it. We shall, therefore, devote the next number of our **PAPERS** to this subject. We expect to be able to establish some such points as the following:

1. The Confederate authorities *always* ordered the kind treatment of prisoners of war, and if there were individual cases of cruel treatment it was in violation of positive orders.

2. The orders were to give prisoners the same rations that our own soldiers received, and if rations were scarce and of inferior quality, it was through no fault of the Confederacy.

3. The prison hospitals were put on the same footing precisely as the hospitals for our own men, and if there was unusual suffering caused by want of medicine and hospital stores, it arose from the fact that the Federal authorities declared these "contraband of war," and refused to accept the Confederate offer to allow Federal surgeons to come to the prisons with supplies of medicines and stores.

4. The prisons were established with reference to healthfulness of locality, and the great mortality among the prisoners arose from epidemics and chronic diseases, which our surgeons had not the means of preventing or arresting.

A strong proof of this will be given in an official statement which shows that nearly as large a proportion of the Confederate guard at Andersonville died as of the prisoners themselves.

5. The above reasons cannot be assigned for the cruel treatment which Confederates received in Northern prisons. The order-books on that side are filled with vindictive orders. Though in a land flowing with plenty, our poor fellows in prison were famished with hunger, and would have considered *half* the rations served Federal soldiers bountiful indeed. Their prison-hospitals were very far from being on the same footing with the hospitals for their own soldiers, and our men died by thousands from causes which the Federal authorities *could* have prevented.

6. But the real cause of the suffering on both sides was the stoppage of the exchange of prisoners, and for this the *Federal authorities alone* were responsible. The Confederates kept the cartel in good faith. It was broken on the other side.

The Confederates were anxious to exchange man for man. It was the settled policy on the other side *not* to exchange prisoners. The Confederates offered to exchange sick and wounded. This was refused. In August, 1864, we offered to send home all the Federal sick and wounded *without equivalent*. The offer was not accepted until the following December, and it was during that period that the greatest mortality occurred. The Federal authorities stood by and coldly suffered their soldiers in our prisons to die in order that they might "fire the Northern heart" with stories of "rebel barbarities."

7. But the charge of cruelty made against the Confederate leaders is triumphantly refuted by such facts as these: The official reports of Secretary Stanton and Surgeon-General Barnes show that a much larger per cent. of Confederates perished in Northern prisons than of Federals in Southern prisons. And though the most persistent efforts were made to *get up a case* against President Davis, General Lee and others (even to the extent of offering poor Wirz a reprieve if he would implicate them), they were not able to secure testimony upon which even Holt and his military court dared to go into the trial.

We have a large mass of documents on this subject, and the secretary has been busy compiling them. But it is earnestly requested that any of our friends who have facts and figures bearing on the question in any of its branches, which they are willing to give (or *loan*) to the Society, will *at once* forward them to the Secretary, Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Richmond, Va.

Let us unite in making the discussion full, thorough, and a complete vindication of our long slandered people. Will not our Southern papers call special attention to this matter?

## Book Notices.

*J. H. Coates & Co.*, 822 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, the publishers, have kindly sent us the first volume of the translation (embracing two volumes of the French edition) of *HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA*, by the *Comte De Paris*.

The favorable notices of this book by the Northern press, and an extract we have seen from the preface, which seemed just and fair, made us anxious to see the book.

As the work of a foreigner of distinction, it is worth the attention of our people, and will find a place in the libraries of our military men. But it can never be accepted by us as at all *fair* to the Confederate side, and some portions of the volume before us smack of the bitter partisan rather than of the disinterested foreigner who is trying to mete out even-handed justice to "both the blue and the gray." The author evidently sees through only the *bluest* of spectacles.

Reserving the privilege of pointing out in a future number some of its most glaring mistakes, we will only add now that the book is gotten up by the publishers in excellent style and will doubtless have a large sale.

*D. Van Nostrand*, New York, has put us under many obligations by presenting the library of the Society with the following sixteen volumes of his publications, gotten up in the admirable style for which this famous publisher of military books is noted :

1. *The Peninsular Campaign and its Antecedents*. By General Barnard.
2. *Report of the Engineer and Artillery operations of the Army of the Potomac*, from its organization to the close of the Peninsular campaign. By Generals J. G. Barnard and W. F. Barry.
3. *General McClellan's Report of operations of the army of the Potomac while under his command*.
4. *The C. S. A. and the battle of Bull Run*. By General Barnard.
5. *Records of Living Officers of the United States Navy*. By Lieutenant Lewis R. Hammersley.
6. *Rifled Ordnance*. By Lynall Thomas, F. R. S. L.
7. *Report of the United States Commissioners on Munitions of War*, exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1867.
8. *Manual for Quartermasters and Commissaries*. By Captain R. F. Hunter, U. S. A.
9. *Osborn's Hand-Book of the United States Navy, from April, 1861, to May, 1864*.
10. *Manual of Military Surgeons*. By Dr. John Ordronaux.
11. *The War in the United States*. By Ferdinand Lecomte, Lieutenant-Colonel Swiss Confederation.
12. *Our Naval School and Naval Officers*. Meade.
13. *How to Become a Successful Engineer*. By Bernard Stuart.
14. *The Hand-Book of Artillery*. By Major Joseph Roberts, United States Artillery.

15. *Company Drill and Bayonet Fencing.* By Colonel J. Monroe, United States Army.

16. *General Todleben's History of the Defence of Sebastopol.*

We regret that our space will not allow us at present to review each one of these books, which make a most valuable addition to a military library. General Barnard's books are very valuable for a study of the campaigns of which they treat—albeit there are many things in them on which we would take issue with him.

General McClellan's report is invaluable to the student of his campaigns, and (though full of most exaggerated estimates of the force opposed to him) shows him to have displayed great skill in the organization and discipline, and very decided ability in the handling of his army, while his famous letter on the conduct of the war marks him as a humane gentleman, and will go down in history in striking contrast with the orders of Butler, Pope, Sheridan, Sherman, and others of that class.

The books about the navy are of interest, and the *manuals* are very valuable for those who may desire to prepare for the profession of a soldier.

• *HISTORY OF DEMOCRACY.* By *Honorable Nahum Capen*, L. L. D. American Publishing Co., Hartford, Connecticut. We are indebted to the courtesy of the distinguished author for a copy of the first volume of this book, which is warmly commended by leading men in every section of the country.

It is a book of vast research, and shows great ability. Although the publishers take special pains to prove that Mr. Capen was not a sympathizer with "the Rebels," the book has a very decided bearing to our side, and should have a wide circulation.

**SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY.** By *S. D. Pool*, Editor and Proprietor, Raleigh, N. C. Terms: Postage paid, \$4 a year in advance. We have received the first (January) number of this new candidate for public favor, and gladly place it on our exchange list, and bid it a hearty "God speed."

The printers admonish us that we have not more space now than to say that the elegant style of the make up of this number, together with our knowledge of Colonel Pool's ability, gives assurance that he will make a first-class magazine.

## SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.

Published monthly, under the direction of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society.

We furnish these PAPERS free of charge to members of the Society who have paid their annual fees, and to other subscribers at \$3 per annum.

As our Monthly will go into every State of the South, and circulate among our very best people, it offers rare inducements to advertisers. We will insert a few advertisements at the following rates:

	12 mos.	6 mos.	3 mos.	1 mo.
1 page.....	\$75	\$40	\$25	\$10
$\frac{1}{2}$ page.....	40	25	15	6
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Rev. J. WILLIAM JONES,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.